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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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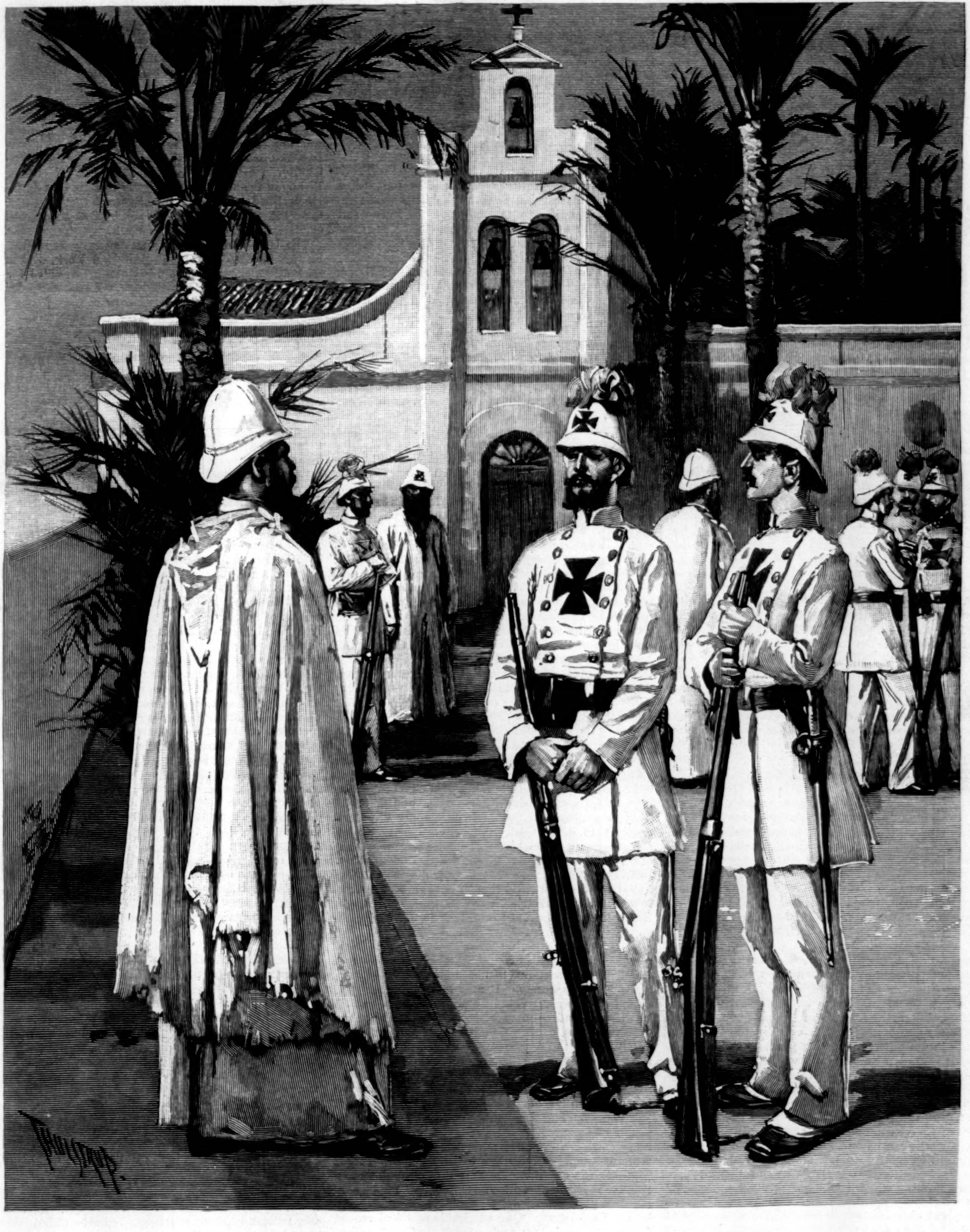

THE WARRIOR MONKS OF THE SAHARA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 427.]

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NEW PARTIES.

HORACE GREELEY said that parties ought to be reorganized every dozen years, and now for a long time there has been a demand for a new party. The Democratic party before the war was practically a slavery party. It was led by Southern politicians, and their object was the extension of slavery. The Whig party, nearly forty years ago, offered no serious resistance to this policy, and during the administration of Pierce, from 1853 to 1857, the Republican party was organized from Free Soil Democrats and Whigs expressly to oppose the Territorial aggressions of slavery through the Democratic party. The first Republican national campaign was that of 1856, the campaign of "Free soil, free speech, free men, Fremont." Its unity, resolution, and enthusiasm were unprecedented. It was the organized conscience and intelligence of the Northern States answering a moral appeal, and the new party cast 1,341,264 votes against the Democratic vote of 1,838,169, and the vanishing Whig vote, called Constitutional and Conservative, of 874,534. At its second trial, in 1860, the new party elected Abraham Lincoln, and the Southern Democratic leaders began the war. Many Northern Democrats, as one of them said, "huddled under the Lincoln shed," and faithfully maintained the government. But the chief and dangerous "copperheads" were Democrats, and every form of organization, objection, and opposition to the vigorous prosecution of the war was made by Democrats, whose National Convention in 1864 declared the war a failure.

The unconditional and triumphant conduct of the war, the emancipation of the slaves, and the maintenance of the financial honor of the country after the tremendous conflict are the great services of the Republican party. Its original purpose was achieved, and in the settlement of the questions that followed it had the immense advantage of its own prestige and of the natural and profound popular distrust of the Democratic party. This gave it a longer ascendency than parties usually maintain, and tempted it to recklessness and corruption, which led to its defeat in 1884. It regained its ascendency in 1888; but wide-spread Republican discontent and continuing distrust of the Democratic party, with the settlement of old questions and the appearance of new ones, have produced the situation in which there is both an anticipation of new party organizations and attempts to secure them. This is the impulse of the movement which has lately culminated at Cincinnati in the formation of the People's Party. But its platform shows that it is chiefly an expression of discontent, not a marshalling of intelligent forces for a definite purpose. Conspicuous citizens, statesmen, familiar political leaders, and profound constitutional lawyers united in the formation of the Republican party. But the late Cincinnati Convention contained no prominent citizen, nobody who can be called a leader or a representative of anything but dissatisfaction, and a vague hope of something better than the existing situation. It proposed nothing which was apparently "thought out," or which any member could explain in detail, or which at once commends itself to the average good sense of the country. The movement is evidently immature.

The proceedings were a protest against existing parties. Despite the talking and the shouting, they were what Carlyle used to call an inarticulate murmur of dissatisfaction. The farmers are supposed to be the real support of the new party. But the party assumes to deal with the most complex and intricate of financial problems, and the farmers as a class are least familiar with such questions. Yet a discontent which goes so far will go farther. If the new party should organize throughout the country, its candidates would undoubtedly receive votes enough in some States to perplex all calculations of the old parties, and perhaps throw the election into the House of Representatives. Meanwhile the discontent is not allayed by the Republican declaration that high taxes on raw materials are the guarantee of high wages, while pauper labor is admitted free, nor by the Democratic assertion that "freedom, equality, justice to all and special favors to none, are still, as they ever were and ever must be, the objects of Democratic contention." Within the memory of men not yet old, slavery, inequality, and injustice were the objects of Democratic contention. The argument of tradition is with the Republicans. It is its tradition which is the Democratic Old Man of the Sea; and this is the situation which prepares the way for new party agitations.

THE MICHIGAN IDEA.

THE present Michigan idea is the election of Presidential electors by districts, and not by the united vote of the State. Mr. Bryce says that the last election of this kind was in Maryland in 1828. But Judge Story says, in his *Commentaries on the Constitution*, published in 1833, "the choice by districts has been gradually abandoned, and is now persevered in by but two States." As early as 1799 a bill was passed by the New York Assembly providing for district elections, but it was defeated in the Senate. Judge Story speaks of the three different methods in which the States have interpreted the constitutional provision that "each State shall appoint [electors] in such manner as the Legislature may direct." The methods are choice by the Legislature, by the people on a general ticket, and by the people in districts. He says that the constitutionality of none of these methods has been questioned except choice by the Legislature, which, however, has been so established as not to admit of controversy. South Carolina maintained this method until the war.

The proposition to elect by districts was made in New York by a Republican under the Federal administration of John Jay. It is made in Michigan by a Democratic Legislature, with a Democratic purpose to divide the electoral vote next year of a State generally Republican. The late Republican Attorney-General of the State, Mr. Moses Taggart, raises the question of constitutionality. He argues that if the Constitution requires the State to appoint all the electors, its prerogative cannot be curtailed by the Legislature, nor transferred, even as to the election of one elector, to any part of the State. It has been held, he says, by the Supreme Court of Michigan, that the Legislature cannot divest itself of a power given to it by the State Constitution, or delegate its exercise to a municipal body of the State, and upon the same principle it cannot renounce or limit a power conferred upon the State by the Federal Constitution. But choice by the Legislature, which Mr. Taggart holds to be unquestionably constitutional, is the only method, according to Judge Story, which has been questioned upon constitutional grounds. The comment of Judge Story that the constitutionality of such a course has been "firmly established in practice," and does not admit of controversy, would seem to apply still more strongly to a practice which, when it existed, was not questioned, and which was abandoned for reasons of convenience, and not of constitutional objection. But Mr. Taggart says that the practice was exceptional or infrequent, and that, it is believed, the electors selected by districts were in most cases, as in Massachusetts, reported to the Legislature for its appointment, which would be State action.

This argument would be stronger if the facts, which are historical, were stated as such, and not as a belief, and if the course had been taken in every case, and not in most cases. It may be assumed, indeed, that if the electoral vote in a single State were cast by districts and counted without objection from the opposition, the constitutionality of the course was admitted by those who were most interested and ready to question it. The question must now be regarded as purely academic or theoretical. Judge Story said in 1833 that it had been raised by able and ingenious minds, but that it was settled. In 1835 Mr. Webster said that he thought the question of the power of removal by the President had been originally settled wrong, but nevertheless that construction, precedent, and practice had settled it. This is probably the case with the choice of electors by districts. It has not been found convenient, but its constitutionality is settled by acquiescence, like choice by the Legislature. One admirable practical reason for the change is that such a method of choice gives fuller expression to the real sentiment of the people. It has, in kind, the same good reason as that of district election of State delegates to a party convention. In both cases the actual will of the voters is more accurately ascertained.

HERESY AND HERETICS.

THE deliberation of the Presbyterian General Assembly upon the confirmation of Dr. Briggs as Professor of Biblical Theology is virtually a trial of his orthodoxy. The veto of the Assembly would be his condemnation as a Presbyterian, and lead possibly to a severance of the seminary from the Presbyterian body, if not to a rupture in the Church. The action of the standing committees of the Episcopal dioceses in the country upon the confirmation of the action of the Diocese of Massachusetts in the election of Phillips Brooks as Bishop is also a trial of Mr. Brooks as a sound Episcopalian. The system of election of Bishop in the Episcopal Church is a series of confirmations. The Diocesan Convention, by a majority of the clergy and the laity, selects the candidate. He must be then approved by a majority of the other dioceses in the country, and finally by a majority of the Bishops. This is an effective barrier against the admission of any person without very careful consideration. There have been, we believe, but two refusals to approve a candidate selected by a diocese. Bishop Seymour was not approved by the majority of the House of Deputies as Bishop of Illinois because of his "High-Church" views. But three years later he was elected Bishop of the new diocese of Springfield in that State. He declined, but upon his re-election felt constrained to accept. Dr. De Koven for similar reasons was not confirmed as Bishop of Wisconsin.

The High-Church party was naturally aggrieved by this action. But Dr. Dix, of New York, who is classed in that division of his Church, has voted for the confirmation of Mr. Brooks, not, we presume, from agreement with certain views which Mr. Brooks is supposed to hold, but from unwillingness to take a course which he and his friends condemned in the cases of Dr. Seymour and of Dr. De Koven. The Diocese of Georgia, we believe, has recently elected a Bishop of High-Church sympathies. With the instances of Dr. Briggs and Phillips Brooks must be mentioned that of Heber Newton, who has long been a source of complaint for some of his fellow-clergymen, who have now solicited Bishop Potter to bring him to trial—a request in which Mr. Newton himself has joined. These are incidents which disturb the theological world, and so far as they concern the discipline of religious denominations, they mainly interest the members of such denominations. But, together with the comment upon the action of Mr. Rainsford in inviting clergymen of other denominations into his pulpit during Lent, they show unusual excitement of ecclesiastical feeling, and they have all a general significance as signs of the times.

Mr. Rainsford in an address or interview, in speaking of the spirit and the form, used Goethe's illustration of an oak planted in a flower-pot. If it be a living and growing tree, it will certainly burst any bond less powerful than itself. One of Dr. Briggs's friends said that he believed with John Robinson that there was yet more truth to break forth from God's Word. Every Church certainly may prescribe its own creed and observances. But when its most pious and scholarly members challenge certain interpretations of belief and forms, the challenge is not susceptible of summary settlement. From the nature of the human mind there is constant progress in the interpretation of spiritual truth, and one of the most interesting distinctions of this century is the great change in the spirit of biblical criticism. In dealing with the subjects of that criticism hard and fast definitions are difficult. The literal and materialistic Christianity of the eighteenth century has given place to the more spiritual faith of the nineteenth. All the particular cases that we have mentioned—of non-Episcopalian preachers in Episcopal pulpits, of Dr. Briggs, and of Phillips Brooks and Heber Newton—belong to the differences that spring from the spirit of the age. If the sectarian divisions of the Christian Church are to be known by their fruits, it may be said that the Presbyterian and Episcopal communions are upon trial quite as much as the individuals who are arraigned. If Dr. Briggs be not a sound Presbyterian, nor Messrs. Brooks, Rainsford, and Newton sound Episcopalians, would not their practical exclusion from those bodies exclude much more than the men themselves? History is an interesting study. It was not so much Latimer and Ridley as Romanism in England that was burned at the stake where they were consumed.

THE GAYETY OF POLITICS.

Governor Hill is a politician who "makes things interesting." While he is an industrious public officer, and does not slight his official duties, he is engaged constantly in politics, and keeps his opponents on the alert to see what he is doing. His control of his party in the State is more absolute than that of any Democratic leader since Van Buren. But he is very reticent. Nobody could say whether he wished to be elected Senator until he was the unanimous choice of the party. Nobody knew whether he would resign or retain the Governorship. But he retained it, and nobody could tell exactly why, for he has not given his reasons. There is now wonder whether he will be a candidate for a third term and renounce the Senatorship. There is a growing conviction that he will. But nobody knows, and the Governor does not say.

The general feeling is that he is a master of New York politics, but not of national politics, and that he is wise in maintaining his local hold. He is supposed to be playing for the Presidential nomination, and he must therefore take no risk that would injure his prestige. Those who are considered shrewd in his own way think that it is in New York that he must secure his nomination, if at all, and that it would be a fatal blunder for him to change his base. Yet if he should decide to go to Washington, his judgment could be trusted probably as much as that of his critics.

If he should decide to be a candidate for the Governorship, it would not be an unskilful move. The CLEVELAND Democrats dislike him intensely. But, to gratify their hostility, would they probably connive at the loss of New York in the election just preceding the Presidential nomination? On the other hand, would they aid in securing a Democratic victory by voting for Governor HILL, and if he were elected, demonstrating that he could carry the State? This is the uncomfortable alternative which he would offer to his Democratic opponents. Yet he would wisely count upon their votes to secure a Democratic victory as more desirable than his defeat. It is thus that Governor HILL contributes to the gayety of politics.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

MRS. MARGARET O. W. OLIPHANT'S *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife*, just published by the HARPERS, has all the elements of a romance, and is exceedingly interesting. A few years since LAURENCE OLIPHANT was one of the most brilliant figures in London, although he was distinctively a cosmopolitan, and was well known in this country. Indeed, it was in this country that the most extraordinary event of his life occurred. The story of his career is as pathetic as it is remarkable, and it is told with great sympathy, skill, and literary ability.

OLIPHANT came of a family of Scotch gentlemen, and was the son of Sir ANTHONY OLIPHANT, Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope, where LAURENCE was born sixty-two years ago. A charming child developed into a brilliant youth, with high ambition and an insatiable love of adventure. He "picked up" an education in England and Ceylon, and began early to travel and to write books. He went to Italy during the revolution, to Arabia and India, and into Russia to the fair at Nijni Novgorod. He went in the diplomatic service with Lord ELGIN to Washington and Canada and China. He went to Circassia, to the Crimea, and to Central America. He went to Japan, where he barely saved his life from murderous assault. Wherever he went he was wonderfully clever, and after much wandering and writing he flashed upon the world of London as a young diplomat whom the Foreign Office consulted and the Queen wished to see, as an author of keen satirical gayety, and as a most entertaining and accomplished man of the world, who had just taken his seat in Parliament, was everywhere sought, and who seemed to command a triumphant future. Suddenly he abandoned his great opportunities, his alluring prospect, and the life for which he seemed peculiarly fitted; came with his mother to this country; went to a little settlement on the shore of Lake Erie; submitted himself morally and physically to the absolute control of a religious sharper named HARRIS; was ordered by him to the most exhausting manual labor; surrendered his property; sold strawberries at railway stations; renounced the gratification of his peculiar tastes; went and came at HARRIS's orders; and did it all in order to "live the life" ordained by Christ, and to be actually a brother to all men. It was the most pitiful delusion, the most complete renunciation. His mother shared it, and when he was ordered by HARRIS to return to Europe, he met, in Paris, ALICE LE STRANGE, of an English Norfolk family, a lovely and remarkable woman. She learned to share his infatuation for HARRIS, who played with these two brilliant and charming youths like pawns and puppets. He permitted them to be married, then separated them, and would finally have sundered them, if, like the Prodigal, they had not come to themselves, resumed their sanity, retired to Haifa, a Syrian village upon the shore near Acre, where they became themselves the heads of a religious German community. There, after some happy months, the young wife died, and OLIPHANT, returning to England, survived two or three years, supposing himself to be mystically controlled by her spirit; and a short time before his death, in 1888, married a daughter of ROBERT DALE OWEN, to secure a closer communion with the spiritual wife.

The key to this extraordinary tale is religious mysticism and exaltation. The impulse was in the highest degree noble, for it was the most utter self-sacrifice. The characters of OLIPHANT and his wife were singularly pure and generous, and Mrs. OLIPHANT has told the whole story with tender fidelity which conceals nothing, and which sums up its judgment in these last words of the book: "There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round toward its end, and which holds in its long and brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name."

THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

THE expulsion of the Jews from Russia has aroused especial attention because other countries are not desirous of receiving them. The petition which was presented to the Secretary of State in Washington, asking the government to confer with other governments in regard to the settlement of Russian Jews in Palestine, had a remarkable list of signatures from various parts of the country, and very fairly represented public opinion upon the subject. The proposition involved a large concession from the Turkish government, and, of course, a great expenditure of money. But besides that, the details of organizing the government of a foreign state suddenly improvised in Syria would be enormous, if not appalling.

Baron HIRSCH and other rich Hebrews are reported to contemplate settlements of Jews in South America. But the Palestine plan is not new. In the memoir of LAURENCE OLIPHANT, of which we speak elsewhere, there is allusion to such schemes already undertaken. One of Mr. OLIPHANT's plans was such a colony in the "Land of Gilead," which should include the Dead Sea within its limits. He said that every Turk, from the Sultan down, approved the scheme. OLIPHANT describes with enthusiasm the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the great variety of products which would reward the industry of the settlers. The minerals also were remarkable. The supply of chlorate of potassa was inexhaustible, he said, and petroleum, bitumen, and other lignites awaited only the hand of the gatherer.

Although OLIPHANT's plan failed, there were several colonies planted in Palestine, but not in the spot that he preferred. The reports in regard to them differ apparently according to the favor with which the colonists are viewed. Mrs. OLIPHANT, the author of the memoir, says that "the sight of the new cottages, and, still more, of the half-cleared fields, built round with what we call in Scotland dry stone dikes, made of the stones painfully gathered off the encumbered soil, with the young corn in its emerald-green pushing round the still remaining bowlders, was to myself a very affecting sight." The universal unwillingness to receive the vast immigration which the Russian policy will compel, and the character of the exiles, make the problem of their disposition exceedingly obscure. No nation is willing to accept the population which Russia expels. Baron HIRSCH, in a recent interview, describes the horrors of the Russian expulsion, and treating it as the work of subordinates unknown to the Czar, he says that if the Czar will enforce the expulsion gradually—perhaps for a period of twenty years, but with a certain exodus every year—the funds necessary to settle the exiles elsewhere will be supplied. He thinks that it is not so much the expulsion as its manner which is the disgrace to civilization, and he is confident that an appeal to the Czar would not be in vain.

AN EXTRAORDINARY APPEAL.

GENERAL GORDON, of Georgia, has issued an address to all the organizations of Confederate soldiers to unite in raising money to erect a monument to JEFFERSON DAVIS. He says:

> "With unfaltering fidelity to every interest of our whole country, and a sincere appreciation of all great Americans of every section, we will build monuments to our own peerless heroes as an inspiration to coming generations, and we will erect a fitting one to our great chieftain, whose public and private life was without fear or reproach, whose services to his country in peace and war will yet command the respect and win the plaudits of all his countrymen, and whose dauntless devotion to his conviction has scarcely a parallel in history."

If the integrity of the Union is the primary interest of the country, it does not seem to be an evidence of unfaltering fidelity to its interest to erect a monument to a man who sought to destroy the Union. Because as a United States Senator and Secretary of War Mr. DAVIS used his influence to promote the spirit which led to the effort to overthrow the Union, it should be supposed that his memory will command patriotic respect and applause, is certainly extraordinary. No one can complain that his friends should build his monument. But it should not be done as the monument of an American patriot, without protest.

Mr. THOMAS WILSON DORR, of Rhode Island, was one of the most personally irreproachable and intellectually honest men in the State fifty years ago. In obedience to his convictions, and at the risk of any cost to himself and to others, he attempted by force of arms to overthrow its government. After his total defeat and imprisonment he was very properly pardoned by the State, and no one who personally knew him ever suspected him of selfish motives. But the people of Rhode Island have not erected a monument to commemorate his services to the State. If a monument should be erected to JEFFERSON DAVIS for his services to his country, the statues of GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN should be overthrown.

A GREAT PRIVATE WRONG.

A SOCIETY called the Woman's Memorial Art Association states that it proposes to erect a statue of the late Mrs. MARY M. HAMILTON SCHUYLER for exhibition at the World's Fair. Mrs. SCHUYLER was one of the most estimable of women, always interested in good works, and greatly beloved in her family circle. But she was not a typical reformer or philanthropist, and the proposition in regard to a public statue is made wholly without reason, without consultation with her family, and is most warmly opposed by them.

Among the statements concerning her is one to the effect that she suggested the movement for the purchase of Mount Vernon. This is entirely incorrect. The proposition was made by Miss PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, and Mrs. SCHUYLER, as became the granddaughter of HAMILTON, was appointed Regent for New York. All the circumstances attending the scheme of a statue point to a desire not to honor a public benefactor, but to profit by the threefold patriotic and honored name which Mrs. SCHUYLER bore.

Such a scheme exposes this admirable lady to comment which is necessarily painful to those who knew her best, and if her family and friends have no other redress than an appeal to those who are asked to contribute for the erection of the public statue, every honorable journal in the country will doubtless echo the appeal, in respect to the memory of an American lady who had no claim upon public observation, and whose family pleads against a great contemplated wrong to her memory.

PERSONAL.

HUBERT HERKOMER, the English artist, is building a house at Bushey, on the Thames, and not far from London, which will bear in every part the impress of his many-sided genius. He drew the plans himself, and designed the decorations. Some of the carvings will be from his own hands, while his brush will give to the walls and ceilings their most delicate touches. In the house he will have rooms set apart for the gratification of his different artistic tastes. These are numerous, including painting in oil and water, carving, play-writing, and the composition of music.

—The London publication of *The Nineteenth Century* is about to change hands. On and after the 1st of September it will be issued by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co., the well-known publishers of St. Dunstan's House. Arrangements are also in progress for the issue of a special edition in this country from type set here, in accordance with the requirements of the new copyright law. The American edition will, of course, be an exact reproduction of the English edition.

—The late CHISHOLM ANSTEY's original manuscript notes of eleven of the twelve lectures on literature delivered by CARLYLE in London in 1838 have been found in a Bombay library. They were bound up in a volume along with CARLYLE's own prospectus of the course, and their publication is urged.

—ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, the veteran political economist, has resigned from his professorship at Williams College, where he was an instructor for thirty-eight years. Generations of Williams students have a kindly regard for the old Professor, whose quaint class-room methods are cherished among the reminiscences of Berkshire college life.

—Judge JOHN B. HELLENBECK, who died the other day at Burlington, Vermont, had been a Freemason for seventy-eight years, and was quite generally regarded as the oldest member of the craft in the United States. He held government positions under ANDREW JACKSON and JAMES BUCHANAN, and was nearly a centenarian. SAMUEL CHIPMAN, of Kentville, Nova Scotia, claims the distinction of having been a Mason for nearly eighty years.

—Recent threats to assassinate Rev. Dr. FREDERICK TEMPLE, the Bishop of London, have been considered of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the police. Dr. TEMPLE was head master at Rugby in 1858, and his present income as Bishop is about $50,000 a year.

—ÉDOUARD DETAILLE, the first French painter of military subjects, has sent a congratulatory letter to T. DE THULSTRUP on his illustrations accompanying an article on the French army which appeared in a late number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. "Nothing is wanting in action or in uniform," M. DETAILLE writes; "and I, who love the soldier, am delighted to see our little French troopers so sympathetically treated." The illustration on the front page of this number of the WEEKLY is of a new order of French soldiery, and by T. DE THULSTRUP.

—General NEAL DOW, the doughty Maine prohibitionist, lives in a house at Portland which he built in 1828, and which has been his home ever since his marriage. He is eighty-seven years old, but as several of his ancestors turned the century mark, he expects to take a hand in the temperance battles of his State for some years to come.

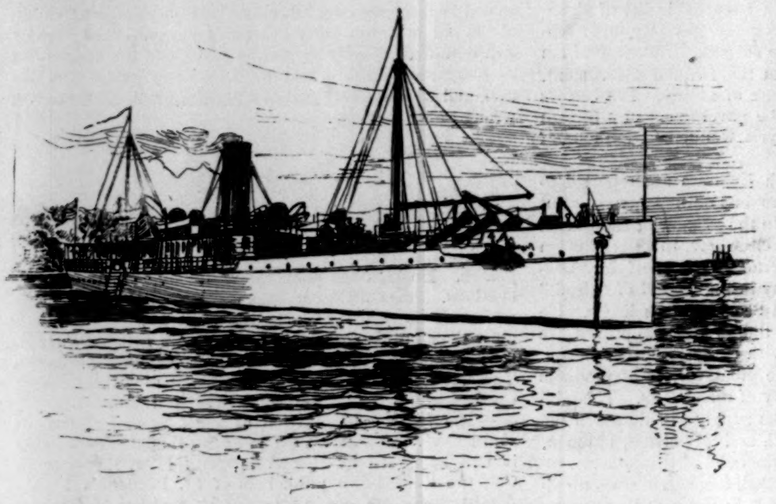
—Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON, whose work as an artist is familiar to the readers of the HARPER periodicals, has been honored by being elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design. This is rather a notable distinction, since Mr. REMINGTON is still under thirty years of age, and it is only six years ago that he was first introduced to the public through his maiden sketch in this paper.

—Senator M. S. QUAY, of Pennsylvania, the political side of whose life is best known to the public, is a great reader of current literature, and nearly all the new books and magazines of value find their way to his table. At his modest house in Beaver he has a well-selected library, in which he spends much of his time when political schemes are not claiming his attention. The gathering of seals is a hobby with him, and he has accumulated a choice collection of engraved gems.

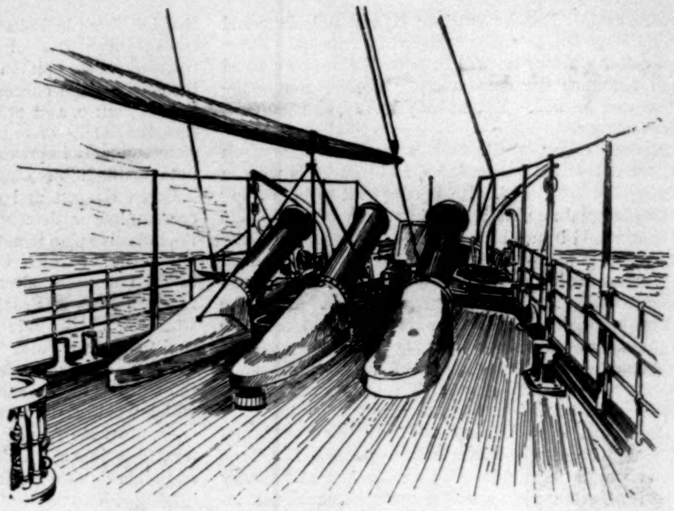
—FREDERICK F. AYER, of New York, is to give the town of Ayer, Massachusetts, one of the handsomest library buildings in the Bay State. It will be of stone and iron, and large enough to hold about fifty thousand volumes.

—The place where Captain MILES STANDISH, the warrior chieftain of the early settlers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, was buried is believed to have been established beyond doubt. According to tradition, he was laid at rest in an old burial-ground between the bodies of his daughter LORA and his daughter-in-law MARY STANDISH, the grave being marked by two triangular pyramidal stones. A grave answering this description was recently opened at Duxbury, Massachusetts, by the local rural society, and found to contain the bones of an old and powerfully built man. In graves at either side were the bones of two young women, and further along in the row were the graves of two children, supposed to be MILES STANDISH's sons, who died in boyhood.

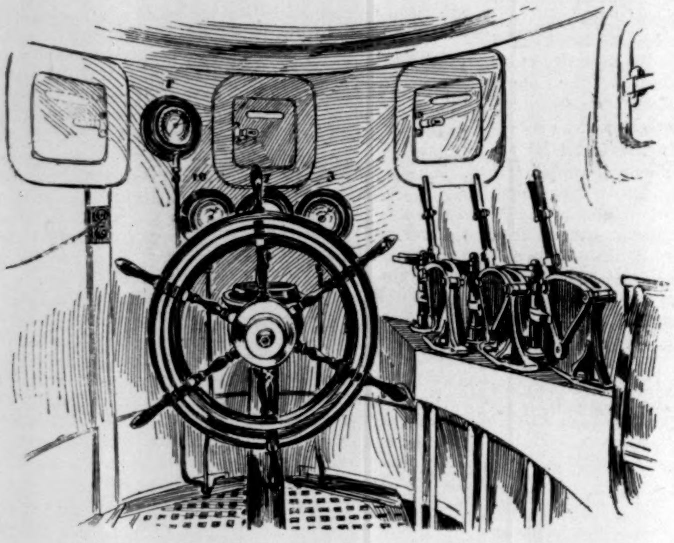
—THEODORE DECK, the great French ceramist, died recently at Sèvres, surrounded by his artistic successes. He learned the trade of a stove-maker, and after he had become a manufacturer on his own account, developed a taste and ingenuity for ceramic decoration. After years of experiment he rediscovered the lost process of making enamel transparent, and then began to dazzle the world with a new style of colored vases. The delicacy of some of his productions could not be approached, it is said, by the once-famed peach-blow vase of New York. For his discoveries THEODORE DECK was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and at the time of his death he was director of the government factory at Sèvres. None of the famous French potters understood better than he the various processes of their art.



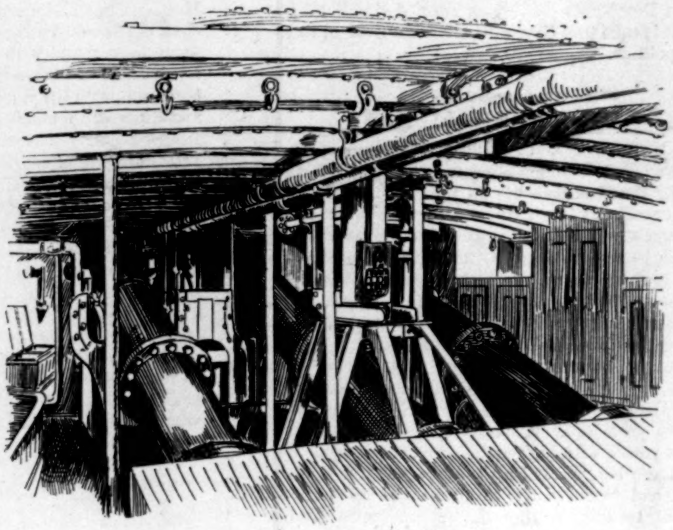
THE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."



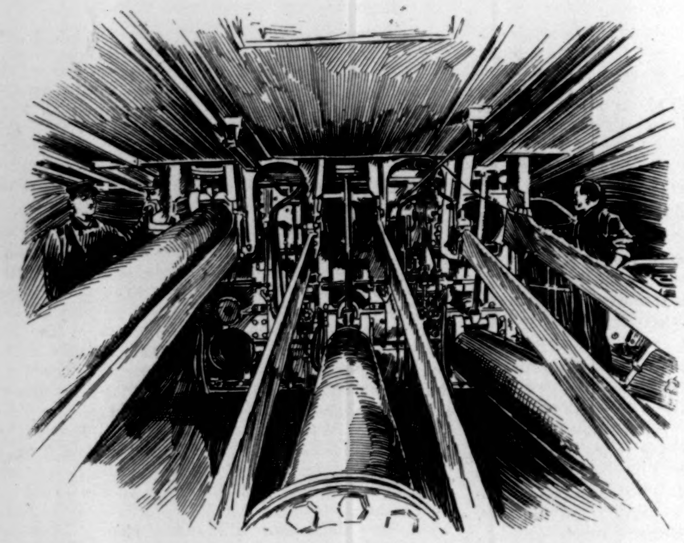
THE THREE PNEUMATIC GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE MAIN-DECK.



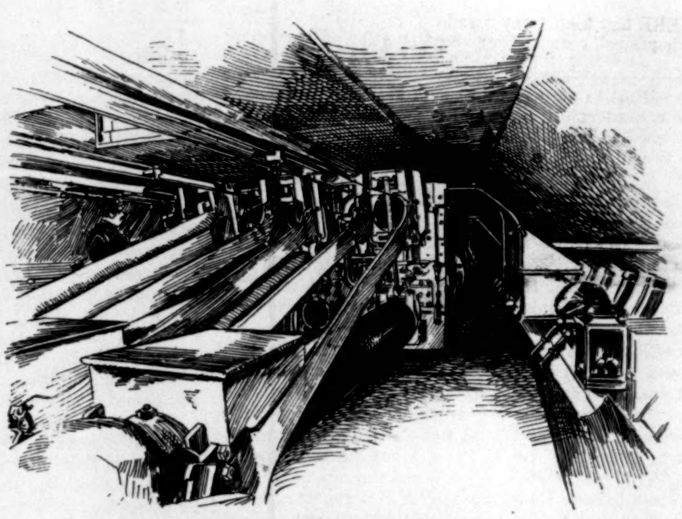
CONNING-TOWER, SHOWING THE THREE LEVERS REGULATING THE DISCHARGE OF THE GUNS.



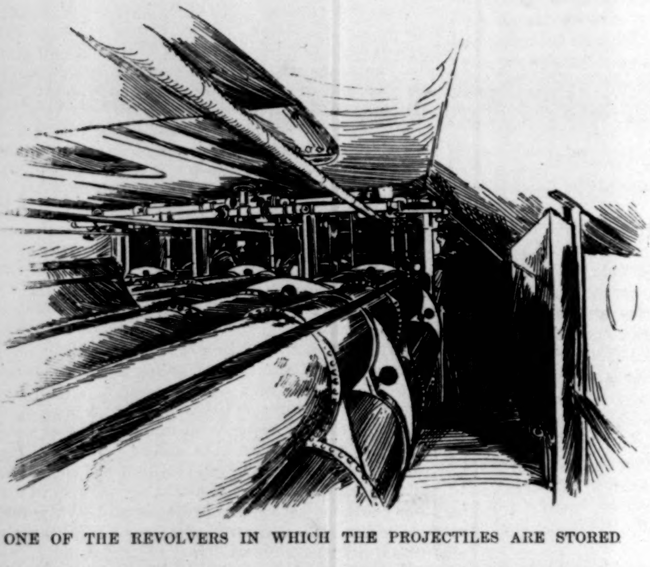
VIEW OF THE GUNS BETWEEN DECKS.



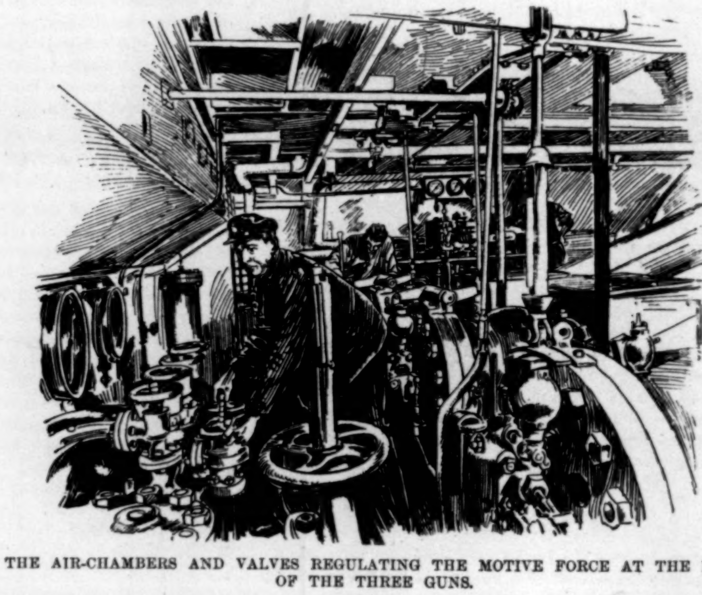
LOWER SECTIONS OF TWO OF THE GUNS DROPPED TO RECEIVE THE PROJECTILES FROM THE REVOLVERS IN FRONT.



ONE GUN READY FOR FIRING, ONE READY FOR LOADING, AND ONE BEING BROUGHT BACK TO POSITION AFTER LOADING.

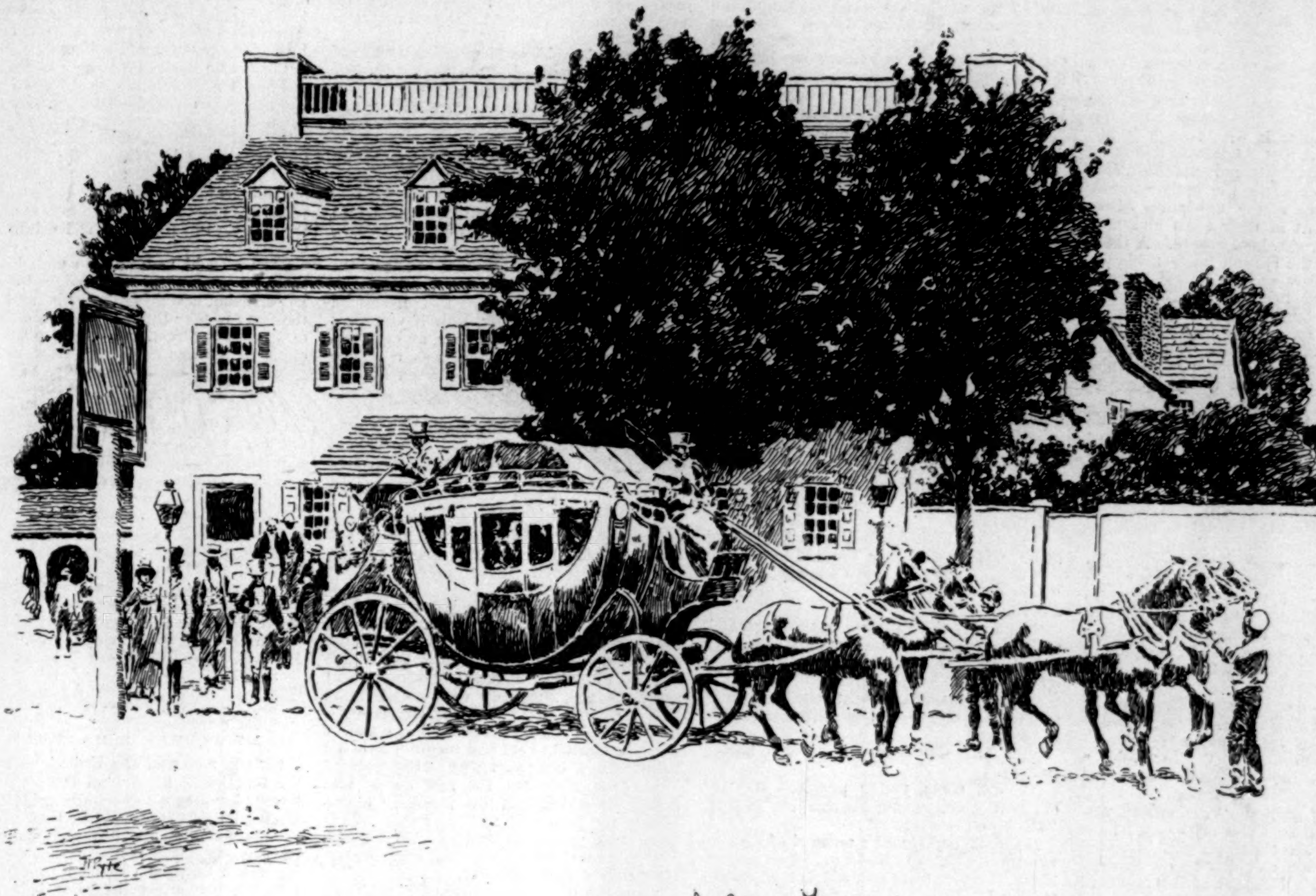


ONE OF THE REVOLVERS IN WHICH THE PROJECTILES ARE STORED



THE AIR-CHAMBERS AND VALVES REGULATING THE MOTIVE FORCE AT THE BASE OF THE THREE GUNS.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "VESUVIUS."—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



A Relay Tavern

Old Coaching Days.

By A. E. Watrous.

THERE had been a gay parade of rainbow-hued militia, chapeaued, plumed, tompioned, pipe-clayed, brass-epauletted, cross-belted, through the city all day; but at five o'clock in the October evening the Fast Mail coach for New York still held its own as the nightly centre of attraction about the post-office at Franklin Place and Chestnut Street.

Jacob, the guard, stowed the last piece of mail matter in the forward boot, pulled his vermilion coat up till its collar nearly touched the rim of his vermilion hat, and rapped himself smartly over his breast pockets to see if his bank packages were all right. William Winner, the driver, likewise pulled up his vermilion coat to his vermilion hat, and spoke to his four sorrels, Sam and Trouble, George and Hiram, naming each distinctly and with a grave courtesy. The crowd cheered, and followed the "Robert Burns" Fast Mail coach as it moved around into Third Street to take up its passengers for the night run to New York.

Although the year was 1830, and the militia had been celebrating the downfall of Charles X. (in that curious way which Americans had of celebrating all uprisings of the down-trodden French, Greek, or Irish before the steam-vessel made them personally acquainted with the down-trodden of other lands), the foremost figure in the little knot of passengers which stood in front of the—also vermilion—painted little stage-office looked as if it had slipped out of the court of Martha Washington. A straight, stiff, stern-faced old gentleman. He wore his hair powdered and *en queue.* His full-skirted, deep-pocketed coat was of black satin, as was his waistcoat, whose long flaps reached half way to his knees. His smalls were of the same material and color, and his silk stockings continued the funereal tone of his personality to his silver-buckled shoes. His wristbands and cravat were of fine lace. For travelling, his grandeur was protected by a long *roquelaure*, now thrown back so as to only half conceal it, and a three-cornered hat of fine felt covered his powdered hair.

"Your coach is late, your coach is late, Mr. Reeside," he said, jocularly, to an enormously tall, high-featured Scotchman who stood by his side. "Which coach is it—the 'Robert Burns'? Ah, Rabbie was an unreliable dog—unreliable, sir! What can you expect of a coach named after him?"

The crowd of idlers and even the other passengers held their breaths as the powdered old aristocrat told the great James Reeside, master of 500 horses and 1000 men, principal mail-contractor with the administration of his Excellency President Jackson, who had reduced in three years the time of transit between Philadelphia and New York from twenty-one hours to twelve, that his coach was late. The giant Scotchman only laughed, however. "You are safe in saying that to me, Mr. Conaway," he replied, "but I fancy your daring to say it to one of my drivers or guards."

The old gentleman was about to reply, when a ringleted damsel at his side, with arch eyes showing under a tremendous feathered bonnet, said, "Now, papa, you *will* make one of Mr. Reeside's coaches late, and that never was done before."

The young lady sprang laughingly into the coach, and her companion, who had been bestowing his attention upon the fifty pounds per capita allowance of baggage in the rear boot of the coach, waited for her father to climb into the vehicle. Young Mr. Van Name, the New-Yorker who was about to accompany the old Philadelphian and his daughter on their journey, was something of an exquisite, according to the fashion of the time; and the time was that of *Pelham*, of Count d'Orsay, and of "Young" Disraeli's man-millinering glories. He had found quieter models in his European travel, however, than these dandies; and his waistcoat, though of colored velvet, was of quiet pattern, as was his satin scarf. The collar of his tight-waisted coat vied with that of his shirt in aspiration toward the neighborhood of his ambrosial curls and almost conical beaver hat. His tight trousers were carefully strapped to his well-shod feet, and he carried a many-caped great-coat on his arm.

There were two seats in the vehicle, each accommodating three persons, and in quartering the party there was room for all the tact and strategy of which Van Name was capable. He had come to Philadelphia for no other real purpose than the delight of sitting by Cecilia Conaway's side throughout the starry silences of this October night, and he had no intention of passing it by the side of her father. It would certainly be etiquette for Cecilia to occupy one corner and her father to sit by her side. This, however, would deprive the old gentleman of the comfort of a corner for himself. On the other hand, it would not do for Van Name to separate father and daughter, nor would it be chivalrous to have the young woman sitting bolt-upright all night between two cozy nodding gentlemen. Van Name's ingenuity conquered with a proffer of his place on the back seat to a bilious-looking old lady who he knew was in mortal dread of riding with her back to the horses. Thus he was face to face with the young lady of the arch glances and feathered bonnet.

The coach had started by the time its six occupants were fairly seated. Mr. Conaway bowed courteously to Mr. Reeside, to which salute the gaunt Scotchman waved one of his great hands. They were off—not with a bound, for the American coach-horses of the palmy days never wasted time and energy in caracoles and curvets, but at a swift trotting pace which carried them up to the corner of Third and Arch before they had time to realize their departure.

"That's the place," said Mr. Conaway to Van Name, pointing to a huge staple sunk in the curb-stone on the corner where stood a church, "where those bigots of the Second Presbyterian Church tried to stop the mail last Sunday with a chain. They didn't stop Reeside. Excellent fellow Reeside; knows his place; never presumes on me because of my little jocosities—eh, Cecilia?"

As Mr. Reeside was the personal friend of both Clay and Jackson, and had put his hand in his own pocket, contrary to the customs of modern mail-contractors, to lift the struggling young Post-office Department on its feet, he might not have considered himself an object of Mr. Conaway's condescension. But the old gentleman was a relic of the Federalist autocracy, and condescended to nearly every one.

They were by this time outside of the city limits, which then were at Vine Street, and Coachman Winner was steering his four with marvellous dexterity among the wagons of the home-going farmers, which came pouring out of all the inn yards of the Black Horse, Eagle, Bald Eagle, Pennsylvania, Farmers', and other taverns of the time, with a rapidity which made the narrow street a place of danger for an equipage which had a contract time of ten miles an hour to make. The Bucks and Montgomery county yeomen had been in town to see the militia parade, and were returning to their farms in a condition—many of them—which showed that the field of Pennsylvania was ripe for the labor of T. S. Arthur, who was soon to bring the gospel of milk and water to his benighted townsmen. Some of them cheered the mail-coach and some cursed it as it whizzed past, but none—thanks to Winner's skill—even grazed it, and in a few moments the coach was out of the Northern Liberties by way of Brown Street to Front, and was rolling between the little houses—from almost every one of which came the jar and rattle of a hand-loom—of the English (by name and nature) district of Kensington.

"You see," said chirpy Mr. Conaway, as they passed row after row of houses, from each of which a weaver thrust his head to watch—the one diversion of his day—the passage of the mail—"you see—or rather hear—that we are making our own carpets. Did you notice before you got into it that you were to journey in an American-made coach? Now tell me, Van Name, do you think the English make as good coaches as this?"

The young New-Yorker, in duty bound, inspected the interior of the vehicle, and, as far as the craning of his neck would permit, its outside. It was not so heavy as the mountainous English mail-coaches, and there was no place for outside passengers. Instead of their seats was a place with a canvas-top cover for small articles surrounded by a light railing. The color of the vehicle, like the livery of the guard and coachman, was of bright vermilion, made a more dazzling red by the contrast of the silver-plated hub bands, door handles, and the metal-work of the driver's seat and lamps. The upholstery inside was of red morocco, and on the panel of the door bloomed a big Scotch thistle under the name "Robert Burns." In smaller letters Charles Veazie, of Troy, announced himself as the maker of the coach. James Reeside's proprietorship was made known only by the presence of a modest silver R on the bridles.

"The vehicle is certainly neater and lighter than the English coaches," said Van Name, after he had finished his inspection; "and yet it seems rather like a carriage than a mail-coach. That is only because one is accustomed to the other style, I suppose."

"Gad!" chuckled the old gentleman, "it's carriage enough for me. Before Reeside took this route, I used always to travel in my own carriage, but, gad, sir! I can't afford the horses that he has. There are six changes on this road—twenty-four horses, mind you, and every one of 'em's blooded; 'Messenger' or 'Eclipse' stock most of them. When they can't keep the pace, off they go to a slow route. Great fellow that Reeside. He'll keep ahead of this railroad notion."

Van Name ventured to demur. "I saw the experiment with Stephenson's engine on the Manchester and Liverpool coaches two years ago," he said. "It seemed successful. They think abroad that it will do away with horse-power."

"Very likely, very likely, in England," said Mr. Conaway, oracularly. "Short distances, easy grades. Why I myself propose to take stock in this Germantown and Norristown road that they're pushing. But for long routes and bad ground, never. Why look at the failure of the proposed road to Columbia—an engineering impossibility, sir, an engineering impossibility. So declared on the highest authority. And our good citizens were fighting over the place of termination of a road that couldn't be built."

"There would seem to be little difficulty in building a railroad here," said Van Name.

The coach was gliding over the smooth plain between Kensington and Frankford, and in a few moments was clattering through the main street of the pretty village, which had then and has to-day more of the village air than any of

Philadelphia's many suburbs. The sun was beginning to hasten his downward steps as the mail dashed on to Holmesburg, and the laborers and truck-farmers, who came to the doors of their cottages, smoked generally the pipe of contentment after an early supper.

William Winner and his sorrels left the coach at twilight and Holmesburg, and Jerry Carpenter tooled it with four kittenish grays for Bristol, past Andalusia, the scene of the Mina Chapman tragedy, and now, with its neighbor, Sonesdale, the early summer and autumn home of the billionaires whose winters are spent in their town and mid-summer in their sea-shore houses. A thousand echoes of the sixteen hoofs made Cecilia close her ears as they rattled through the old covered bridge over Neshaminy Creek, and the bugle rang out for the triumphant entry into sleepy Bristol. It was after sunset, and the lamps were lighted, but they could still see enough of the quiet beauty of this portion of the Delaware to enjoy it.

"I never see the green bank of Burlington over there," said Cecilia, "with the river between it and the little wharf here, but I think of heaven."

"Gad!" said her father, waking suddenly from a doze. "Is that why you want to take a house here, Cis? Want to make an easy translation for your old dad when he has to go, pretty soon, eh? Very considerate, upon my life—very considerate."

"It is like heaven, though, after the noise and dust and ugliness of town," said Cecilia, as the coach stopped to change horses, looking out over the blue water, and listening to the slow stroke of a church bell calling some little Jersey flock to mid-week prayer.

"They have no militia-parading here, in any event," said Van Name. "It's heavenly in that respect—eh, Mr. Conaway?"

"Emilie Chapron gave the Fencibles a lovely banner, with a portrait of Lafayette painted on it," Cecilia interjected.

Mr. Conaway snorted. "Yes, indeed, yes, indeed, Van Name. Upon my word, I have no patience with those people. General Cadwallader fifing and drumming through the streets all day in honor of the downfall of the French monarchy—a monarchy, be-gad! to which this country owes its existence. A very jolly fellow was the King, too—a very jolly fellow. I met him, when he was the Count d'Artois, at his poor brother's court when I was there—Heaven forgive me!—with Mr. Jefferson, forty odd years ago. And they've put young Égalité in his place—young Égalité, of that traitorous breed of Orleans, who've been scheming for the throne this hundred years—ever since the Regency."

The other three passengers looked surprised at this outburst of ultra-royalism, and Cecilia signalled to Van Name not to encourage it; but it was too late.

The young man had said, "You don't seem to be over-fond of your old chief, Mr. Conaway."

And the old gentleman broke out again: "Fond of him? Fond of Jefferson? Sir, he sent the country to the devil. Do you know why I have never changed the fashion of my clothing since the General's time? No? Because the fashions after that time were set by a pack of murderers—Mr. Jefferson's friends, sir, of the Directoire. A pretty set of truly *merveilleux* they were! But he saved my skin, I've no doubt. He got leave of absence when he saw trouble brewing in '89. If I had staid, I'd have said or done something to bring me to the guillotine. He always got out of the way when there was trouble. I don't know that the *sans-culottes* would have made any trouble for him, though. They'd have liked him. They asked for Gouverneur Morris's recall because he was too much of a gentleman."

"Pray, Mr. Van Name," said Cecilia, breaking in upon the tirade, "can you tell me what time we are due in Trenton? I must confess that I am monstrous hungry."

By the aid of a somewhat ponderous pocket arrangement of flint, steel, and lamp-wick, Van Name produced a light, and found a large red printed placard which hung framed at the side of the coach, and read:

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

GUARDS AND DRIVERS

OF THE FAST MAIL RUNNING BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

Time allowed for driving each route as follows:

	Miles.	Hours.	Minutes.
Philadelphia to Holmesburg....	10	1	15
Holmesburg to Trenton..........	21	2	30
Trenton to Ayres..............	21	2	30
Ayres to New Brunswick.......	6		40
New Brunswick to Newark.....	23	3	
Newark to Jersey City..........	9	1	
Returning from New York, the same time allowed.			
Allowance for supper............			15

"We should be due there at a quarter to nine, Miss Conaway," the New-Yorker answered. And silence fell upon the coach.

Mr. Conaway wrapped himself in his coat. Cecilia pulled up her tippet, and nothing broke the stillness but the regular smiting of the four grays' hoofs upon the hard turnpike, the jingle of their bits, the rumble of the wheels, and the occasional crackle of a dry branch which had fallen in the road as the coach swept over it. The lamp-light shone out into the trees on each side of the road, and showed where the early frost had already touched and tinged the maples into a thousand tints of red, which seemed like a reflection of the hue of the swift-running coach and its scarlet guard and driver. Then the hoof-beats gave a slower, hollow sound, and the Fast Mail began its journey over the long wooden Morrisville bridge across the Delaware, and presently was on Jersey soil and in Trenton town.

Lights shone brightly from the front of Mrs. Wilde's tavern in the Jersey capital. The cramped passengers bundled out of the vehicle and were welcomed by the bustling hostess, who had spread for them a supper each item of which would have furnished one of the hasty meals which are snatched at a modern railway station. There were fried chicken, waffles, buckwheat cakes, and Jersey sausage, coffee, and Mr. Conaway concluded his repast with a tass of apple brandy of the true Jersey-lightning variety, "every drop of which was warranted to burn a hole through a silver dollar." Then, his old blood warmed with the food and drink, he stumped out to watch the harnessing of the new team.

"And you are going abroad, Miss Conaway?" sighed Van Name when they were alone.

"Yes; but, mercy me, don't say it as if it was 'you are going to—o—o d—i—e, Miss Conawa—a—y.'"

"You are light-hearted," said the young man. "If I were going, I would be too."

"Well, well," said Miss Conaway, briskly, "I suppose the packet captain can give you a berth."

"You play the Tantalus, Miss Conaway," said Van Name, dejectedly. "My holiday ended last year. My father would scarcely spare me to make this little trip."

"What *was* the purpose of your little trip?" said Cecilia, archly, pausing with her napkin in her hand.

"Ah, Miss Conaway—" Van Name began, eagerly.

"Come, come, young people," said the old gentleman, putting his head in the door, "the coach is waiting."

If Cecilia had feared a renewal of the conversation which she had handled so coquettishly, the new team relieved her of embarrassment. They had been dancing and fretting at their bits, and the moment the passengers were placed, and Caleb Blake, their driver, had swung himself into his seat, they were off with a whirl through Trenton streets. The like had never been seen there since Washington sent the Hessians dancing before him on a December morning fifty-four years before. The lights of the inn were swallowed up in an instant, and the bouncing of the coach on its high springs through the dark made Guard Jacob Shipman cling to his seat with one hand, and thump his breast pockets vigorously with the other to make doubly sure that his bank packages were not jounced out. At the outskirts of the town the dash of a rabbit across the road increased the animals' speed, and the rate at which they raced for Princeton through the country was like steeple-chasing.

"They are running away! They are running away!" gasped Cecilia.

"They are only feeling their oats, my dear," said her father, reassuringly.

"I hope that is all," said the young lady; but she freed her arms from her cloak, and put one hand through one of the dangling straps which had been rapping sharply against the steel ribs of the coach cover as the vehicle bounded along. "Oh!"

There were plenty of straps in the well-appointed coach. It was strange that Cecilia and Van Name had grasped the same one. It was not a very loud "Oh!" that Cecilia gave when she made the discovery that another hand had in the dark reached the strap before her, and she did not seek to withdraw from the leather loop, albeit it was somewhat crowded. Van Name set his teeth, and kept his hand there. He would rather have faced the mob that had just torn down the French monarchy than have risked his nascent suit by presuming upon Cecilia's fright; but, with the feeling of a desperate gambler, he resolved to let his hand stay in the loop, and see what came of it when her excitement cooled. So he let it remain, not daring to move a muscle, lest he should be thought to take a cowardly advantage of Miss Conaway's fright. The motion of the coach gradually slackened. The seventeen-hand thorough-breds Nell and Major, the Boy and Henry, were through with their fun, and resigned themselves after their gallop to the sober guidance of Caleb Blake. Yet the little hand did not steal out of the loop until the lights of Princeton were almost in sight. As they shone in the coach window, Van Name looked eagerly at Cecilia's face. It wore a rosy blush, and there was just a suspicion of a reproachful smile.

The mail flashed past the front of old Nassau Hall, drew up at Thompson's tavern, Princeton, and was off again behind a cross-matched team of tall rawboned horses of Alleghany Mountain breed, picked for work over the heaviest and hilliest part of the road. Half way between Princeton and Ayres the clatter of an approaching equipage is heard—a sort of echo of the noise of the mail.

"All right!" sings out the guard Hickman from his perch overhead.

"All right!" comes the echo out of the darkness, and in a moment more the lamps of the mail from New York shine full in the passengers' faces. The next moment it is gone like a red streak in the darkness to the south.

"We must be half way there," said Cecilia, with a little yawn. "Pray, Mr. Van Name, when they introduce the railway coaches that you talk about will one be able to walk about in them?"

"Hardly," said Van Name, with a smile of superior knowledge, and not having the eye of the prophet wherewith to see the "vestibule limited" of sixty years after. "The compartments of the English railway coaches are scarcely larger than this, but then the motion is so smooth that one can stand up for a change without danger."

"That, at least, would be a relief," said Cecilia. "Now if I should stand up here, I should undoubtedly fall out of the door, or over on papa and wake him up, or—"

"You might secure yourself by one of the straps," said Van Name, daringly.

"Not if a fellow-passenger had pre-empted them," replied Cecilia. "Now if you went to sea with us, Mr. Van Name, and the vessel was wrecked, and there was only one plank to save me, would I find when I reached it that you had got there before me and wouldn't let go?"

"My dear Miss Conaway," said Van Name, eagerly, "if that unfortunate case should come, I should only have but one regret in letting go, and that would be at the loss of the sight of your face."

"As you are not going with us," said Cecilia, dryly, "your gallantry will not be put to the test, but that is a very pretty compliment, Sir Flatterer. Is it of French make or English, pray?"

"It is of the make of the heart," said Van Name; but the bugle ringing for Ayres waked the sleeping passengers, and put a stop to the drift of the conversation, which Van Name thought to himself, as he sat back in his seat again, he was directing with considerable skill. He did not renew the conversation during the next stage, which he knew was of only six miles, but sat and meditated on his future plan of campaign, while "Old Roany"—as Eben Stoddard, the new driver, was called, on account of his iron-gray hair—piloted the mail to New Brunswick. That town was passed at midnight, and Jacob Whipple took the reins for the long twenty-three-mile stage to Newark.

"I began to tell you at supper," said Van Name, "why I came to Philadelphia."

"Oh!" said Cecilia, "I thought you had finished telling me; but no, 'pon my word, I can't remember why it was, so I suppose you didn't tell me."

"I think you know," said Van Name, with a tragic seriousness, which was rather marred by a fine crescendo snore from the bilious old woman to whom he had given his seat.

Cecilia took hold of the strap, rested her head on her arm, so that the moonlight shone full on her arch face through the coach window, and, with a trace of mimicry of his seriousness, replied, "Really I do not."

"I came for the sole purpose of accompanying you," said Van Name, throwing a vast amount of import into his voice.

"Papa and I?" queried the young lady, innocently.

"No; *you*," said Van Name, with impatient emphasis.

"Well, you took a very queer way of showing it," murmured Cecilia, with a reproachful glance at the strap.

A swift intuition flashed athwart Van Name's brain, and as the lights of Rahway shone into the coach window he made fast prisoner of the little hand within the loop, then gently disengaged it from the envious morocco, and pressed it to his lips.

"That is what I ought to have done two hours ago," he said, with conviction, as he fondled the little fist with both his own, and mumbled kisses on it.

"No—o—o," said Cecilia, doubtingly, attempting to withdraw the pink-and-white prize, "not quite that much; but you might have—"

"Squeezed it!" said Van Name, emphatically. And then Cecilia gave a little cry, for before he suited the action to the word he had slipped a large intaglio which he wore on the third finger of her left hand. He "made it well," in the manner described in a well-known nursery rhyme.

Single at New Brunswick, engaged at Newark; would that it might be married at Jersey City! Van Name thought, as the mail swept through the frosty dawn on the last stage of this most eventful journey. He wanted to shout out his happiness to George Washington, the leader of the gray team which hurried them over the last miles of their route. He would have liked to surprise Asa Thomas, the driver, with it, as he sat with reddening nose in the crisp air of the morning on the box. He would have liked to proclaim it through the guard's horn to the fishes of the fresh rippling Hackensack. He would have liked to wake up Beau-père Conaway and ask his consent at once. A little exclamation of delight from Cecilia withdrew him from his silent rapture. She was looking from the window. The space was crowded, but, with some damage to her bonnet, his head was framed with hers in a red-leather background.

They had reached the summit of Bergen Hill, and New York was before them. Not the New York of to-day, with the sands of its desert of men covering every foot of Manhattan Island, with the noble profile of that island obscured by ungainly wharves and the iron bulks of hundreds of foreign vessels. It was a snug little town, reaching not half way up the narrow island, and ending in a greenery of market gardens about where Grace Church now stands. Above were farms and orchards and the crowned hills, and below a forest of thirteen-story buildings did not obscure the graceful outlines of the new City Hall. Dozens of trim packets were moored in the stream, each flying the American flag, and one, Van Name thought to himself with a pang, was to bear Cecilia from him on the morrow.

The passengers all waked with the sunrise gun from Fort Hamilton; and Cecilia, her coquetry all gone, sat with happy face beside her father, and spoke only but eloquently with her eyes, as in the first fresh sunlight of the autumn day the coach rolled into Jersey City.

Joseph Dodd, now well on with his fifty-four years of faithful service of the Post-office Department, is waiting with his row-boat at the ferry to take the mail across to the foot of Cortlandt Street, and thence to the post-office in Garden Street. Gerard Shipman goes with him to the stage-office, at Thomas Whitfield's, "No. 1 Cortlandt Street, second door from Broadway, and next door to the celebrated pump of good water." He does not mark on his way-bill that, contrary to all regulations, the Fast Mail has stopped mid-way in its course and taken up a way-passenger—one Dan Cupid.

"I never saw you wear that ring before, Cecilia," says Mr. Conaway, as he blinks his eyes and yawns while they wait for the ferry. "What, you sly puss—"

"Hush, papa!" said Cecilia, growing rosy. "Mr. Van Name will come and tell you all about it at the Duyckinks' this afternoon. We are staying at the Duyckinks, Walter—Mr. Van Name, I mean—on Bowling Green."

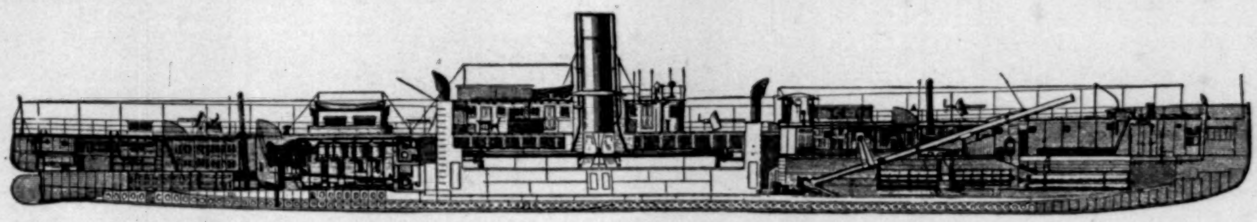
THE "VESUVIUS."

BY ALBERT F. MATTHEWS.

ON the roster of the United States navy the fourth-rate unarmored cruiser *Vesuvius* is put down as a "dynamite-cruiser." Interest in this vessel has just been rekindled by the experiments at target-shooting in Chesapeake Bay. It is true that this peculiar vessel may be classified properly as a fourth-rate unarmored cruiser, being of less than 1000 tons burden, but it is also true that this government never officially proclaimed a greater inaccuracy than to denominate and to keep on denominating this graceful and dangerous craft as a dynamite cruiser. She has never thrown dynamite, never was intended to throw dynamite, and probably never will throw dynamite, unless sudden war should occur, and no more desirable explosive than dynamite can be procured at once. The truth is that she is capable of throwing dynamite, and hence her rating as a dynamite cruiser. She could hurl 500 pounds of it from each one of her guns at a single charge, and it would cover the distance of more than a mile in the same time that a first-class sprinter would speed over 100 yards—10½ seconds. And if an Italian ironclad, or any other naval monster, great or small, should happen to be within 200 feet of the spot where the loaded cigar (as the cartridge has been called) should chance to strike, there wouldn't be any ironclad or vessel of any sort there in ten, five, or two seconds, according as the time had been arranged for the cartridge to explode after contact. The more correct designation of this unique vessel would be to classify her as an air-torpedo boat—the only one of the kind in existence, and one whose capabilities have not yet been determined, notwithstanding the recent experiments in Chesapeake Bay.

Some of our naval officers say the *Vesuvius* is a failure; others say the same thing in a different way by declaring that they hope she may be successful in time. Outspoken friends or admirers of the *Vesuvius* in the navy are very few. This much the naval officers admit—and so do the officers of the other navies of the world—she is capable, before being entirely reloaded, of throwing from her three stationary guns 30 cartridges or projectiles, each filled with almost any kind of high explosive, and each weighing 500 pounds, a distance of more than a mile, and do it all in less than 30 minutes. In other words, she could explode 15,000 pounds of gun-cotton, dynamite, or any gelatinous explosive in a given spot a mile away in less than half an hour. This of itself, in the minds of many, should characterize her as a war vessel of stupendous possibilities.

In his last report, however, Secretary Tracy said of the *Vesuvius* that her success "has not yet been demonstrated." It was to demonstrate her utility that she was ordered to the Chesapeake. The idea was to show what she could do at target-shooting. No explosive was used, dummy shells being fired. The result proved that when the vessel was stationary and the water smooth she could hurl cartridges with such accuracy that every shot would have destroyed a vessel as small as the stocky gun-boats of the *Yorktown* and *Concord* class. The trial was a remarkable success when firing from a stationary base. On the second day, the *Vesuvius* being in motion and the target also moving—conditions that probably would obtain in naval warfare, unless the *Vesuvius* should steal up to her adversary at anchor—it was found that the cartridges went straight enough, but that they overshot the mark or fell short to such an extent that in combat the vessel would scarcely more than menace the safety of an enemy. The experiments while the vessel was in motion were pronounced failures,



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE "VESUVIUS," SHOWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE VESSEL.

and, as a result, the board recommended further trials, and some changes in the mechanism of the machinery which regulates the pneumatic force that propels the projectiles.

After the trial it was the opinion of naval officers that it would be best to use so-called dynamite guns on land exclusively. They overlooked the fact, granting that the guns are useless on a vessel in motion, that by being mounted on a light-draught vessel, a battery of immense power can be secured, capable of being moved swiftly from point to point. A moving fort of high explosives, unerring in smooth water in accurate fire, certainly has advantages in harbor defence which no fortification of equal delivery power could possess. Effective naval fighting requires a moderately smooth sea. The experiments in the Chesapeake show that in harbor engagements the *Vesuvius* would be a most potent force, and it is for this reason, doubtless, that further trials have been recommended. The crew were all new at the work, the guns were not ranged to a nicety, and it was thought to be unfair to condemn the vessel for work at sea under such conditions. It is perfectly proper, therefore, to say that the *Vesuvius* is still an unknown quantity in warfare.

When there was talk recently of Italy sending her elephantine battle ships to Sandy Hook, it was said at the Navy Department that in the cruiser *Vesuvius* and in the Monitor *Miantonomoh* (the latter approaching completion in the Brooklyn Navy-yard) would lie the only hope of defence of New York. As a matter of fact, the *Vesuvius* would have had to do the whole work. Two of the *Miantonomoh's* guns were in position, but it would have taken some time to put her in shape for action, although she was almost completed. The *Vesuvius* was practically in fighting trim. To have been of any use, however, she would have had to steam within one mile of her enemy. This necessity many persons think is her greatest limitation. They believe that she would be hit and destroyed long before she could get within fighting range of any large battle ship or cruiser. It must be remembered, however, that there is no record of any successful naval fighting at a distance of a mile. The *Vesuvius* can steam at the rate of twenty-five land miles an hour, and it would be the luckiest kind of a chance shot if she should be hit a mile away with any gun, be it one of 4-inch or 13-inch caliber. The *Vesuvius*, therefore, is a potentiality in warfare whose status will probably be settled only by an engagement. It is because this status is unsettled that the government is hesitating about building a similar craft with pneumatic guns fore and aft, so that the vessel could fire advancing or retreating. An appropriation has been made already by Congress for Dynamite Cruiser No. 2, but until more is known about the *Vesuvius* such a vessel will not be built.

Although the *Vesuvius* is only two years old, no vessel is better known in the naval circles of the world. She has been talked over and gone over inch by inch by the experts. Italy has asked the Cramps about the cost of building one like her. Spain has investigated her. Japan has sent her Minister of War and two or three sets of inquiring busy officials to inspect her, and a high-grade admiral of France has looked her through and through. Her plans and her record have been examined by the naval officials of every country, and one and all have written a question mark opposite her name to designate their inability to gauge her capabilities as an engine of war. The average citizen of the United States has little knowledge of this peculiar addition to the new navy of which he is becoming so vastly proud. Many persons imagine her to be a big vessel on which dynamite guns are mounted, which may be swung around, ranged, and fired much as any other big cannon may be handled. Others know that she is a small craft of peculiar design, but further than that, little is known.

The *Vesuvius* is as slender and as graceful as any pleasure-yacht, and if the three long tubes, each 15 inches in diameter, called guns, could be obliterated, she would look like one. She is faster than any pleasure-yacht of her size, having a record of $21\frac{2}{3}$ knots, or about 25 miles, an hour. She is 252 feet long, of 950 tons burden, 4000 horse-power, and when loaded draws 10 feet 10 inches of water. She has three so-called dynamite guns. They are 55 feet long, and protrude, as may be seen by the picture on page 420, about 10 feet from the deck. The longitudinal section diagram, also printed herewith, shows how the guns run down to the bottom of the vessel. If she could carry sufficient coal, she would cross the Atlantic in smooth water in five days. Her mission, however, is that of coast and harbor defence.

The guns are stationary, and cannot be shifted in any way. The vessel is simply a carriage for them. To hit an object the bow of the vessel must be pointed directly at it. For this reason it is difficult to strike a constantly moving target; a vessel, even with twin screws, cannot be turned as a man would slowly turn his body when aiming at a steadily moving object. The cartridges used are $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 9 feet long. They are hollow, and the explosive is stored in them, and set off by a primer that is itself exploded by contact with some solid substance. There are two sets of revolvers for each gun. They are stored in front of the air-chambers of the guns. The diagram and the pictures show the revolvers. The mechanism is akin to the average revolver. There are five chambers in each of the revolvers, making the capacity of each gun ten cartridges.

The lower section of the gun is detachable, and is dropped, as the pictures show, from its slanting position to a level one, where it receives a cartridge from the revolver in front, by means of a mechanical device which pushes the cartridge back to its place. This section of the gun is then lifted, and becomes a part of the continuous 55-foot tube, at the bottom of which is a chamber of compressed air. A gauge fixes the amount of air force necessary to throw the cartridge a certain distance, say a quarter, a half, or a full mile. The air rushes in, the gun barks sharply, there is a dash of vapor or a cloud mist at the muzzle, and instantly the eye catches sight, 200 feet in the air, of the torpedo speeding its way like a thunder-bolt. It rises to a height of nearly 300 feet, then travels horizontally, as though following a straight line marked off against the sky, much as a "liner" travels from a base-ball player's bat. When near its destination the projectile dips sharply, and plunges into solidity at about the same angle at which it rose. Meantime the lower section of the gun has been dropped again, the chamber revolves, another cartridge is pushed into place, the gun becomes one tube again, and is ready for action. The firing is done from a conning-tower, to which access is gained only from below-deck. Inside is the wheel for steering the vessel, speaking-tubes, signals, etc., and the three levers which discharge the guns. The projectile is visible during its whole flight, and may easily be seen for two miles. It looks, from a distance, like a swiftly speeded arrow. The man in the conning-tower thus has opportunity to study the air currents and other phenomena of use to him in gauging his guns.

The cartridge itself has a peculiar spiral safety arrangement, by which the fuse is rendered harmless until a flight through the air of about an eighth of a mile is accomplished. Then a screw is whirled off at its base, which unlocks the powers of devastation, and destruction is literally in the air. It took more than a year to perfect the valves which regulate the air pressure. The Pneumatic Gun Company has since improved upon those used on the *Vesuvius*, and they are to be utilized in making the so-called dynamite guns which that company is building for the government to be mounted on land for coast defence. It was a knowledge of these improvements, doubtless, that impelled the board of officers at the recent trial to recommend changes in the mechanism.

Only once has the *Vesuvius* thrown gun-cotton cartridges, and then only one from each gun. That took place in the Delaware near Chester a year ago last March.

The first cartridge weighed 510 pounds, and it went 200 yards more than a mile, the time of transit being exactly 11 seconds. The second cartridge weighed six pounds less, and went 50 yards further, and occupied $11\frac{7}{10}$ seconds in flight. The third weighed the same as the second, and went 400 yards more than a mile, the time of flight being $11\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. The first cartridge was set to explode in 10 seconds after impact. It seemed to those watching for the explosion to be 10 minutes, but the mound of yellow water lifted itself promptly on time. It rose swiftly, and became a slender column 200 feet high, with jagged peaks. Then a black mass moved to the top and crested the pillar. The black substance was mud. When the pillar fell, the water seemed to attach itself to the balls of mud as they darted back to their bed in the river, and the whole had the appearance of a mass of comets with yellow tails shooting earthward. The second cartridge went off five seconds after impact. It had not reached the bottom of the river when it exploded, and the column that jumped toward the sky consisted mainly of dirty water. The third cartridge went off at impact. The fire-gleam of its fuse flashed on the water much as though it had struck a bowlder floating serenely on the stream. The reverberation shook the windows of Chester, five miles away, and the people thought there had been an earthquake.

In loading the *Vesuvius* the cartridges must be slipped down the guns, and then packed away in the revolvers. There is no other way of putting the cartridges where they belong. Dynamite disintegrates, becomes dangerous, and inspection in the *Vesuvius* therefore would be difficult. Gun-cotton is safe and lasting, and has equal devastating power. Therefore dynamite will not be used in this or any other similar torpedo vessel, if another should be built. The name dynamite cruiser has a horrid front, however, and in war-time that is just what is wanted. Therefore the appellation dynamite cruiser will always stick to the *Vesuvius*, and duly impress the ignorant, just as it is expected to do.

THE PARKS AND PARKWAYS OF CHICAGO.

(Continued from page 416, Supplement.)

From the breakwater an artificial paved beach extends back 40 feet, sloping upward to a rise of six feet above mean water-level. A concrete parapet two feet high separates this beach from a broad promenade—a walk and drive—built out into the lake, the front protected by the stone beach, and between it and the present shore a quiet reach of water, with numerous inlets. This stretch of smooth water, a mile and a half long, with an average width of 250 feet, will be available for rowing regattas and such purposes. With the extension of the Lake Shore Drive south of the water-works to connect with Michigan Avenue, Chicago will have a magnificent water-side boulevard stretching unbroken for twelve miles, which, except for one or two brief spaces, will command throughout its course a view of the lake. The driveway along the breakwater is in connection with and forms a part of the famous "Sheridan Road," a shore drive intended ultimately to extend from Chicago 30 miles north.

One feature in which Lincoln Park stands incomparable among the Chicago parks is its statuary. Upon a slight eminence near the main park entrance is the admirable Lincoln Monument, by Augustus St. Gaudens, a bronze statue of heroic size, which may be seen from a great distance. It is approached by a flight of five broad low granite steps, which lead up on to an oblong cut-stone platform 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, which is fashioned to form a classic granite bench facing inward. Great eagle wings are carved upon the gate posts at the opening of the ellipse, and on either side of the lower steps is a large ball of bronze, one decorated with an axe, and the other with a spray of laurel. The figure stands in the centre of the farther part of the ellipse, upon an oblong square pedestal, with the face turned toward the south, the head bent, and the face looking down. The proportions of the whole structure, the size and attitude, are finely harmonious with the broad land and water surroundings. The setting of this statue could be greatly improved by procuring a background of trees for it. If the road which now runs directly behind it should be done away with, no injury to the park would result, and the appropriate planting of this space with high-growing trees would produce a most satisfactory effect.

A group of Indians of life size, in black bronze, by John Boyle, of Philadelphia, surmounts an elevation of ground near the menagerie. A warrior, a squaw holding a pappoose, and a dog constitute the group, and on the four sides of the base are bass-reliefs representing Indian subjects. At the south end of the large flower beds, overlooking the northern parterre, stands a statue of the German poet Schiller, a reproduction of the statue in the poet's birthplace of Marbach, in Würtemberg. It is the gift of German citizens, who unveiled it in 1886, on the anniversary of the poet's death. Near by, upon a pedestal of a single block of rough Minnesota granite, is the statue, in heroic size, of the early explorer La Salle, a fine figure in black bronze, by Jacques de Lalaine.

The arched granite base of the Grant monument is built, and awaiting the completion of the equestrian statue, which the artist, Mr. Louis Robinson, will probably complete in time to have it in place and ready to unveil by June next. The money for the payment of the work, $55,000 in amount, was long ago raised by popular subscription. Statues of Shakespeare and Burns are preparing for the park, and a statue of the naturalist Linnæus, presented by Scandinavian citizens, will be unveiled in the present spring. Other ornamental features of Lincoln Park are the bronze fountain by St. Gaudens, representing boys, herons, and swans playing about a clump of bulrushes, and an illuminated electric fountain.

At an early period in the history of the park the beginning was made of a collection of native birds and beasts. The zoological department has been enlarged, and includes both native and tropical animals. It comprises five bear pits, deer and elk paddocks which cover several acres, and the cages of various animals are scattered among the elm-trees. The tropical beasts are kept in a fine large brick building of simple and effective design. The roof is carried on trusses above a cement floor, leaving the interior free of obstructing columns, and generally the structure is a clean, airy, and convenient one.

In the six greenhouses, including the palm-house, crowded with palms and tree-ferns, are raised the 150,000 plants used annually to decorate the flower beds. There are flower spaces in two parts of the grounds; the larger garden covers four and the smaller one two acres, and when fully planted they contain 200,000 plants, making a fine display.

Northeast of the greenhouses is the propagating-house, a well-devised and finely equipped building, 220 by 100 feet in extent. It is constructed of granite bowlders, iron, and glass, and is used for the propagation of plants and the growing of specimens for the palm-house. West of this building there is soon to be erected, of the same kind of materials, at a cost of $80,000, a palm-house 156 feet long, 110 feet wide, and 54 feet high, with an extensive conservatory and fernery attached. A terrace 150 feet wide will extend along its entire front.

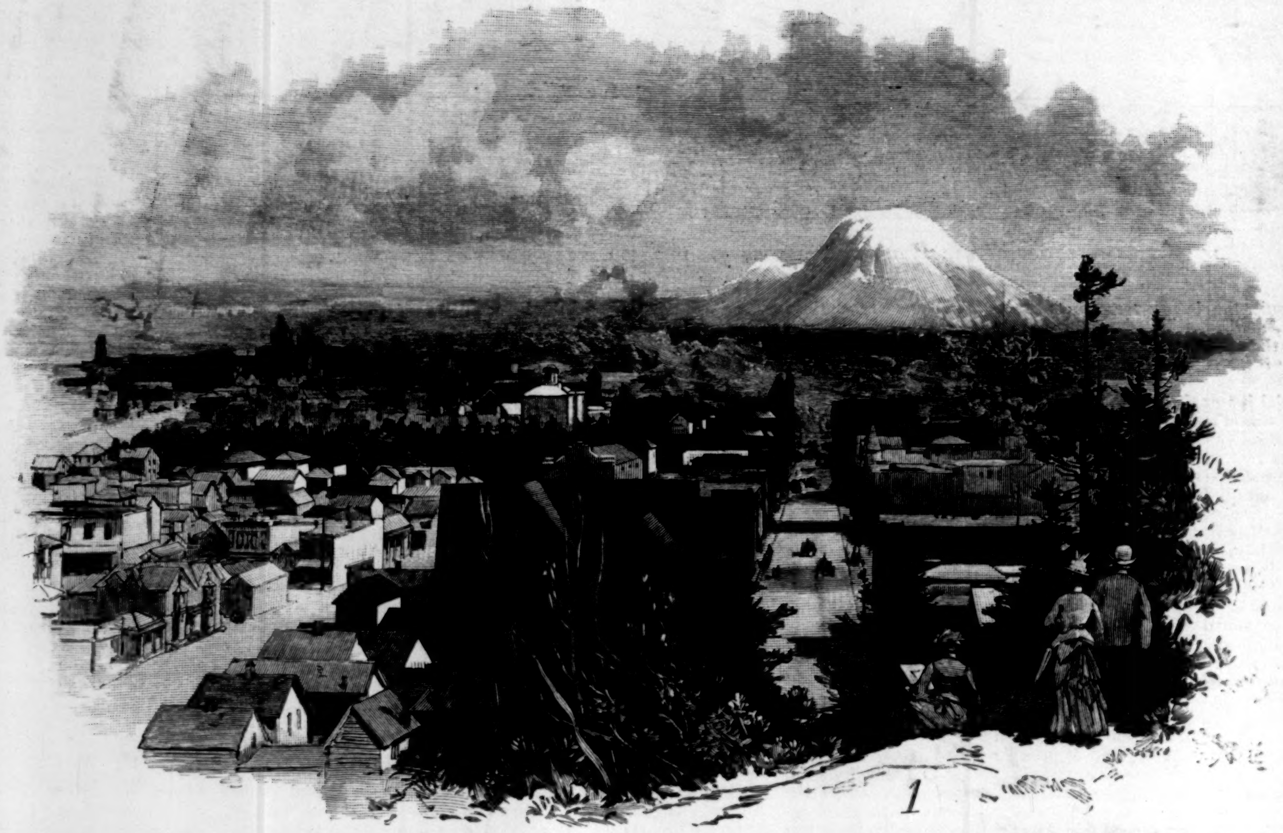
The benefits to her citizens in the way of health and recreation amply justify the great expenditure of money that Chicago has made upon her parks and boulevards. Indeed, the construction of these recreation-grounds—as has almost invariably been the case in cities that have introduced such improvements—is proved to be a good investment for Chicago in a purely financial aspect through the increase in value of taxable property, caused by the greater desirability of the town as a place of residence.

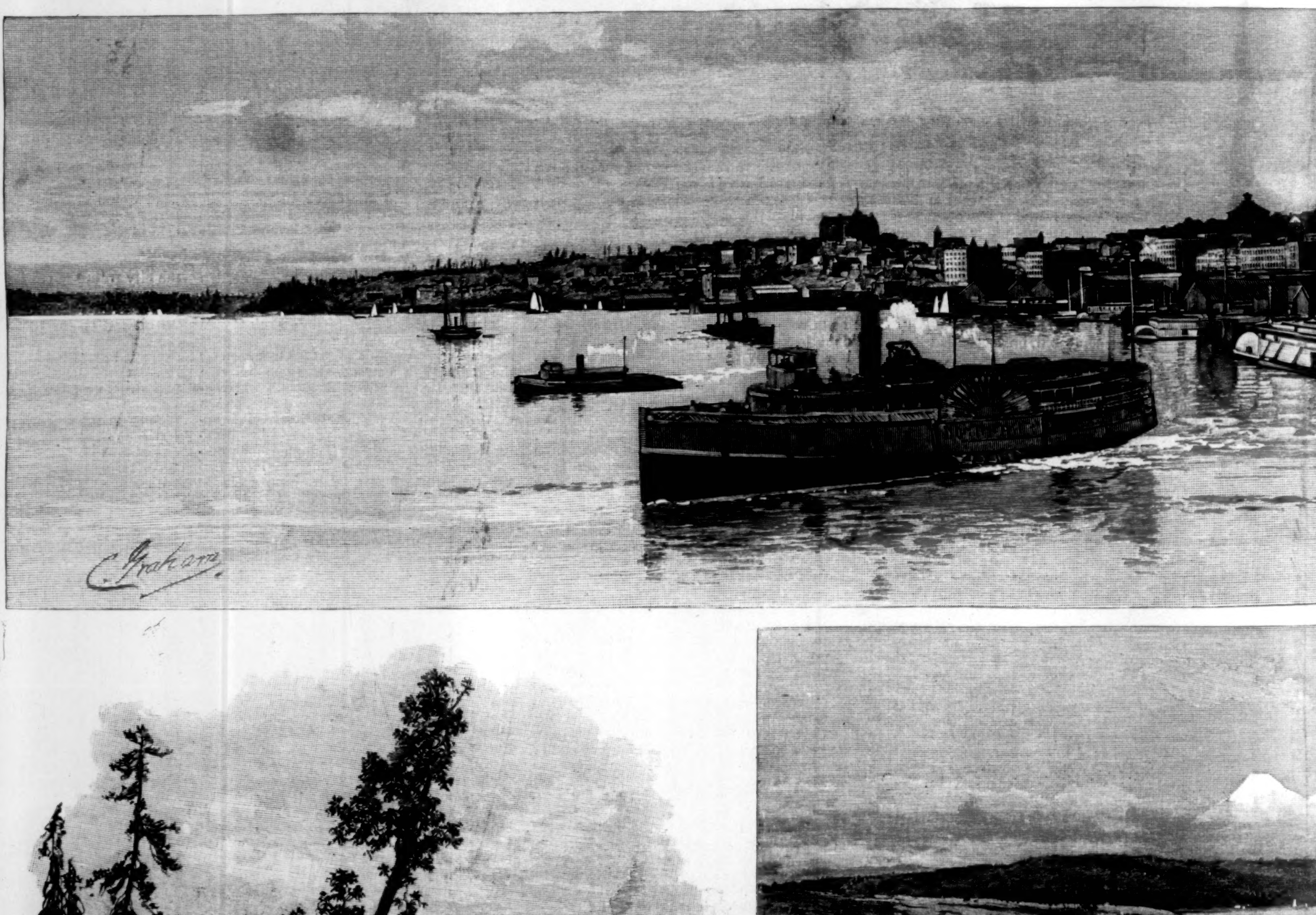
After twenty years of improvement, including sewerage, road-making, grading, and planting, and the same period of use and maintenance, the total cost of the South Park system amounts to about $8000 an acre, which is about the average price set to-day upon naked unimproved lands adjacent to the park. In the two years following the beginning of construction-work on the West Side parks the increase of revenue to the city from the enhanced value of the adjoining lands within the annexed twelve square miles was $161,631 65 in excess of the interest on the indebtedness incurred by the purchase of park lands and the amount expended by of the Board of Commissioners in construction and maintenance during that period. The progress of work on Lincoln Park has been attended by a similarly satisfactory increase of tax receipts in the North Division.

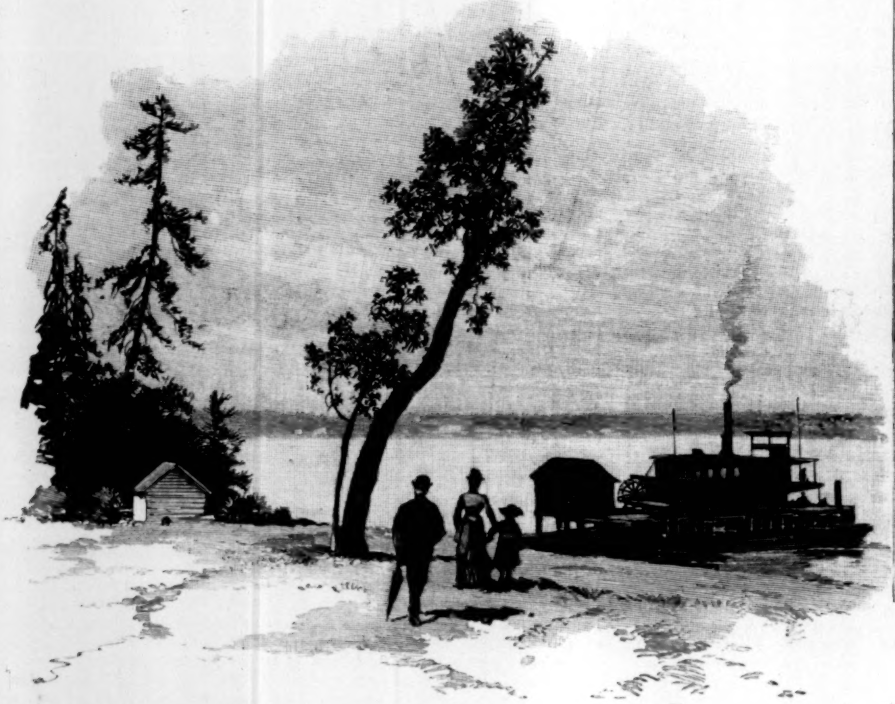
The broad boulevards, with their carriage-ways, riding-pads, and promenades, brilliant with flowers and shaded by great elm-trees, are generally provided with a special driveway used as a race-course. These superb pleasureways are the scene at all seasons of much festive parade in the way of fine driving equipages; and the throng of carriages that roll along them on pleasant days of the greater part of the year gives place in winter, when there is a fall of snow upon the smooth hard roadways, to gay sleighing turnouts. Along these boulevards fine residence buildings are rising, the embodiment of the highest inspirations of the architect, to give added stateliness and elegance to the scene.

The plan of the parks, and the facility with which they all are reached from the heart of the city, make their advantages readily available for the people of every part of the town. Here all visitors, within the limitations imposed by propriety and safety, are free to enjoy themselves unrestrainedly in their own way. The grassy lawns are, for the most part, commons, free for the strolls and plays of adults and children alike. In the larger spaces the grounds for base-ball, cricket, and tennis courts are kept in good condition, and in sylvan nooks amid trees and shrubbery the mothers and servants in charge of small children can sit in the shade, while the baby swings in a hammock at hand, and the larger children disport themselves at their plays about the greens.

By the time the houses of the fast-growing city shall have invaded the farther borders of the remotest of the parks, these recreation-grounds will, through the disposition of trees and shrubbery, have secured for their visitors somewhat of the atmosphere of seclusion and mystery that comes with the best rural scenery. More and more the people will seek in the parks that relief from the hasteful, overstrained city striving so essential to the health and harmony of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual life. But viewed only in the light of desirable results already attained, the forecast, wisdom, and public spirit shown by the people who have planned and built these recreation-grounds are hardly to be paralleled in the history of cities, and there is no circumstance of Chicago's marvellous growth and great achievements so wonderful and beneficent as the creation and development of her magnificent park and parkway system.







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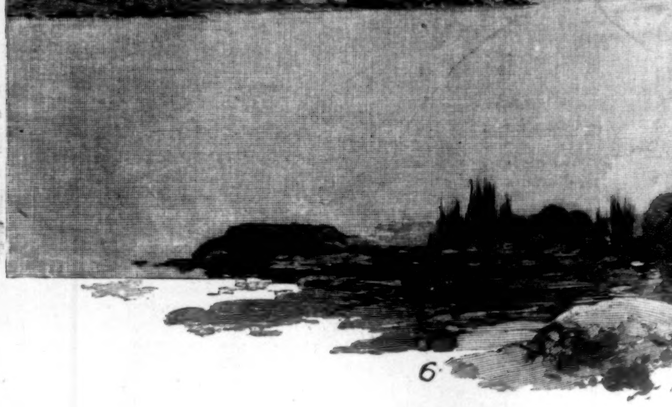

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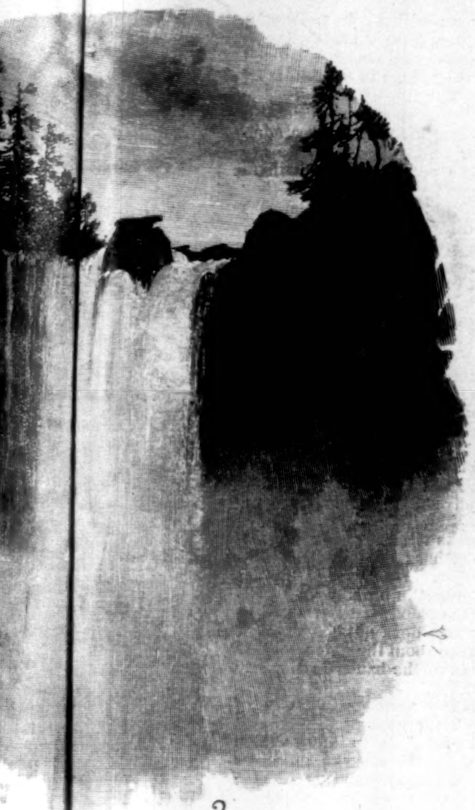

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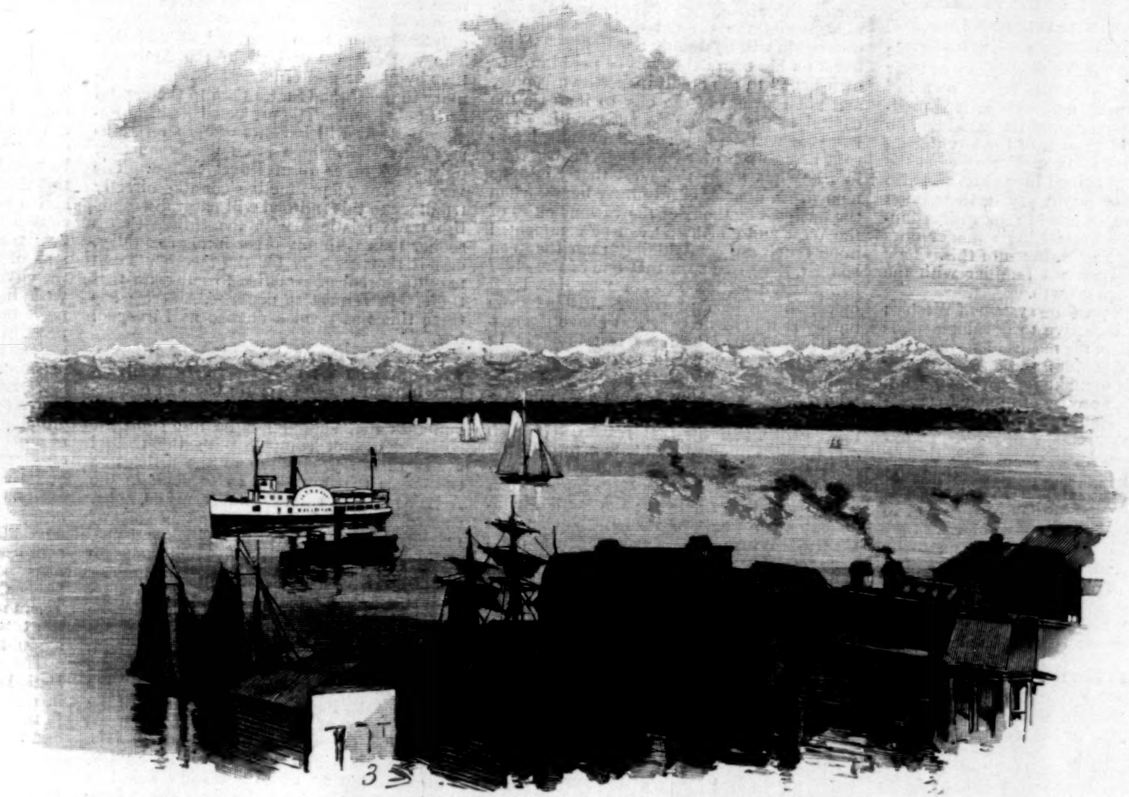

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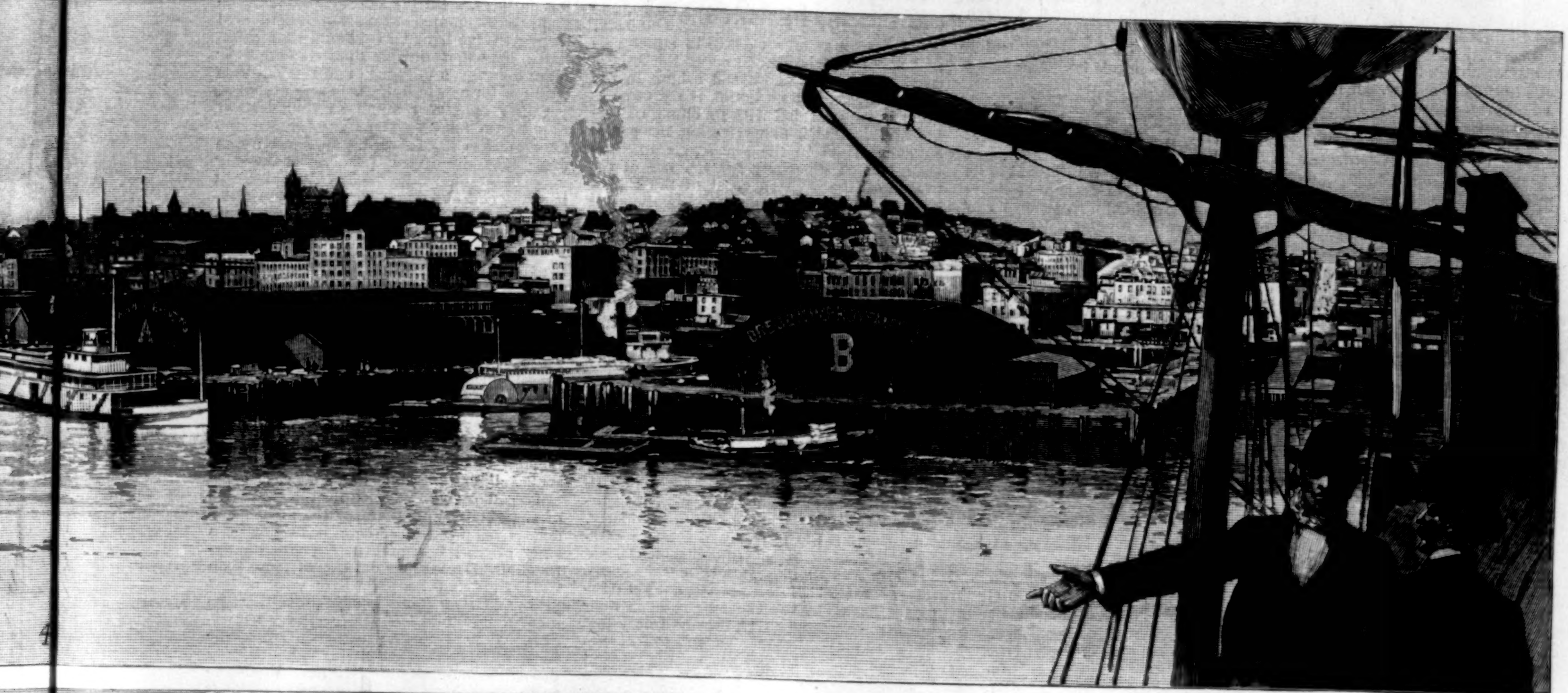

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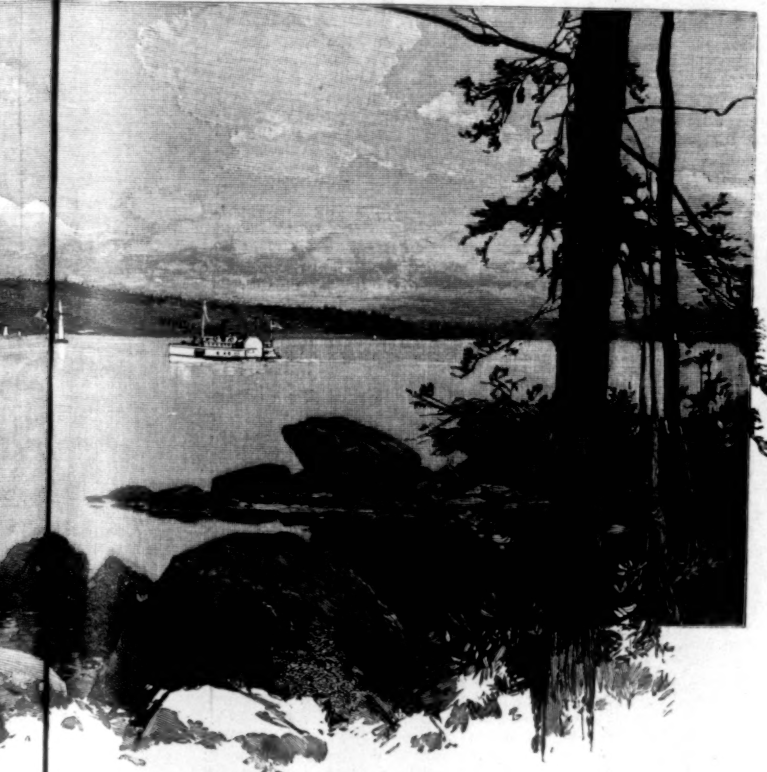

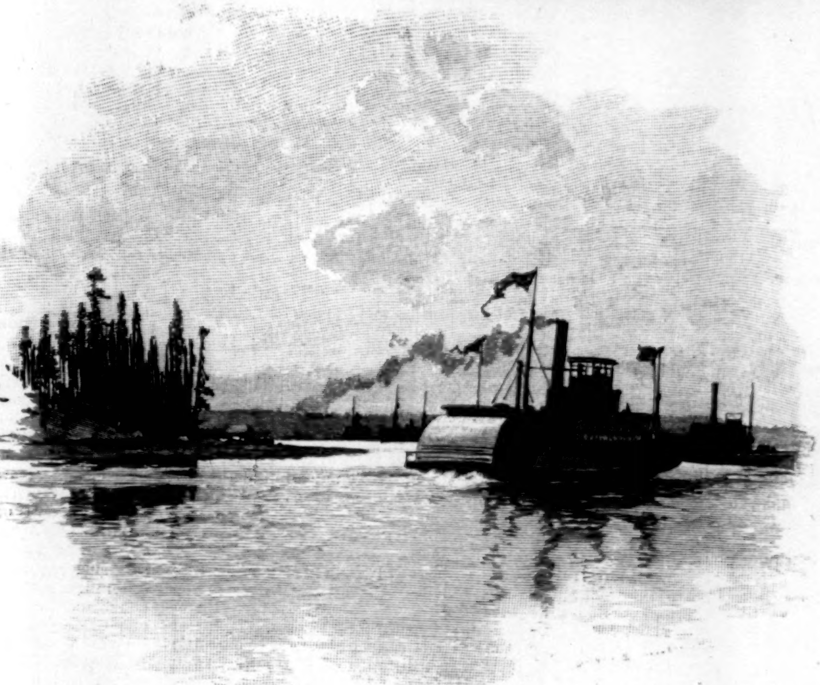

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SO ND, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 426.]

e Olympic Mountains. 4. View of the City from the Bay. 5. Lake Washington. 6. View of Mount Baker. 7. On the Sound.

THE CITY OF SEATTLE.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

WITH satisfaction grown from indisputable success, the good folk of Seattle say of their city, "It is ours; we made it; we own it." This is neither pride nor vanity; it is modesty. Taking into account the rapid and almost unexampled growth of the city during the past few years, and considering what the people would be justified in saying, and also in what tone they might say it, their quiet announcement of ownership does them infinite credit. The unthinking stranger does not appreciate the importance of this. Few persons can who are not familiar with the process of Western growth.

Under the high-pressure system of Western civilization the incentive to development is always greater than the means of accomplishment. In new communities there are plenty of people willing to make improvements, but there is usually a scarcity of money for them to work with. Men see opportunities for building railroads, mills, warehouses, manufactories, business blocks, and such things. Their supply of money is widely disproportionate to their needs, and in the natural course of circumstances they seek to add to their capital where and in what manner they may. In the East there are many men who have money, but who have few opportunities of investing it. The enterprising man of the struggling West asks the capitalist of the East for enough additional money to develop his particular enterprise. He sees great profit in it and quick returns, and in his anxiety he offers as high as ten and twelve per cent. a year for the Eastern man's idle capital. The Eastern man thinks that he knows a good rate of interest when he sees it, and after he has obtained plenty of security in the way of bonds, mortgages, judgment notes, and such iron-clad documents, he advances the money. Sometimes he takes out the interest in advance, in the form of discount, so that he can get not only ten or twelve per cent., but actually twice as much. The Western man cannot object, because he is feverishly anxious to get the money. He expects to make enough in a year to pay it all back. The borrower builds his mill, or his business block, or whatever it may be, and fancies that he owns it. He works hard, and for a year or two makes enough to pay the interest and some of the principal. The lender thinks that he has found a good thing, and he readily advances money to the next ambitious man who approaches him. His neighbors lend money, and they too become convinced that they have found a good thing. The Western community grows as only Western communities can grow when they have a good start. For a time money is plentiful, and the enterprising people feel themselves to be rich and prosperous. They build fine houses, which they fill with expensive furniture, including the inevitable piano, and when that is done they feel so prosperous that they buy ponies and carriages for their wives and daughters. They are pretty well satisfied with themselves as financial managers, and incidentally the Eastern money-lender is satisfied too, for the reason that he supposes that all this show and fine living mean business success which will eventually pay him 100 per cent. on his original investment.

After a while there comes what the people of the West call a "bad year." The bad year comes when it is not expected, for it has a habit of striking the typical Napoleon of Western finance with something of a shock. The crops fail, as crops sometimes do, even in the golden regions of bountiful America. There may have been too much rain, or there may have been no rain at all, which is the more likely state of the case. Some sort of bug may have eaten the young crops, or any one of a whole catalogue of possible things may have occurred to make it a bad year. The ambitious folk of the young city suddenly discover that they do not own their own property. The Eastern capitalist owns it, and they must pay rent to him in the shape of interest at ten or twelve per cent. a year. In a bad year all that the people can do is to make a frugal living. The payment of ten per cent. interest is well-nigh impossible. It must be done, however, as many a poor fellow knows to his cost. If it is not done there are legal proceedings and foreclosures and public sales, and such things, which are conducted with all the heartless publicity that misfortune always creates. The Eastern money-lender does in truth and reality own the town, and it depends upon his mercy whether the town thrives or comes to an untimely end. Is it any wonder that the hard-working Western man looks upon the Eastern capitalist as a Shylock incarnate? The plausible loan agent of the West, who makes a business of guaranteeing Eastern investors eight per cent. on real-estate security, will rise right up at this, and assert that more mortgages are renewed than foreclosed. Perhaps they are, but if they are, it is because the Eastern investor considers renewal to be preferable to foreclosure from a business point of view. The Eastern investor is in this thing for money, and if he thinks that there is more profit to him in foreclosing than in renewing, he will foreclose. The Eastern money-lender has not yet been accused of undue philanthropy, so far as I know.

In the course of time the city of Seattle will have a bad year. This is something that cannot be avoided, nor to any great extent guarded against. It is as likely as not to occur through no fault of Seattle, or of her neighbors. When it does come, the significance of the present quiet assertion of ownership will be doubly apparent. The interest on her own debts will be paid into her own banks to the credit of her own people, and not sent out of the city to increase the capital of people who do not need it. The bad year will see fewer broken banks, bankrupt firms, and ruined hopes in Seattle than in many places in the West that could be named. A quarter of a century hence, when the business methods of the various cities of the West and Northwest can be commented upon much more intelligibly than they can be now, it will be seen that one of the chief factors in Seattle's growth was this local ownership of local property. Just now the money that is made over and above the current expenses of business is reinvested in something that will add to the wealth and prosperity of the place. Thus, the capitalist who furnishes money for public improvement has a double interest in the welfare of the locality, and for that reason, if for no other, he is bound to do his best to help the city in the anxious days of the bad year. The local capitalist cares both for his own property and for the town; the foreign money-lender cares only for his mortgage and his money. With all these facts taken into account, any one may see how well fortified Seattle is against the attacks of the inevitable bad year.

The bad year will doubtless be bad enough when it comes, yet I do not see how it can be as bad in Seattle as in many other places, unless the rest of the world ceases to use lumber and hops and coal and such things, which is entirely unlikely. The sources of Seattle's prosperity are such that her mills and lines of business are likely to go on long after other things stop. In the first place, there is enough primeval forest within easy reach of the city to keep her people busy for many years to come, and the important fact exists that a market can be found for most of this lumber in other countries than this. China wants lumber, Japan wants lumber, and all the countries along the western coast of the three Americas want lumber. There is always a demand for lumber. It is a demand, too, that never grows less, but constantly increases with the growth of the country. Most of the lumber manufactured in Washington during the past few years has supplied only the local demand, although vessel-loads of stuff have been sent to foreign ports. With the recent remarkable increase in the number of saw-mills there will come a necessity for foreign markets, as it is not without reason that the local demand can keep pace with the productive capacity. The Puget Sound mills can furnish lumber to points as far east as Colorado, in direct competition with the lumber-dealers of Chicago and the mills of Michigan and Wisconsin. In the matter of cedar shingles they can practically control the markets as far east as St. Paul, and perhaps farther. In ship timbers Puget Sound has already sent some car-loads of stuff to the ship-yards of Virginia, and in bridge timbers she has hardly a rival within reasonable shipping distance. Thus it will be seen that nearly one-half of the great continent of North America is directly tributary to the mills of Washington. When this field is in a fair way of being occupied by the lumber dealers of Puget Sound, a systematic effort will be made to open new markets, and those markets must of necessity be in foreign countries. The opening of new markets in foreign countries means a reciprocity in trade that is greatly to be desired. Foreign merchants who now look upon the United States with indifference, if not actual distrust, will have a better opportunity than ever before of becoming acquainted with the North American merchant and manufacturer, and, as a natural sequence, of becoming convinced of the superior advantages to be secured by trading here. Such a reciprocity of trade would benefit not only Seattle and the Puget Sound country, but the entire United States as well. I am convinced that the people of Seattle already appreciate the importance of active trade relations with the Pacific countries, and that they are taking proper measures to make use of their opportunities.

The natural advantages of Seattle in this respect have by no means been lost sight of. On the contrary, the enterprising people of the city have prepared statistics to show that Australia and the Asiatic countries can trade much cheaper at Puget Sound than they can at Liverpool, which now controls most of the Asiatic business. The trade of China alone is worth about one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and most of this money goes to Great Britain. In connection with this fact there are some interesting comparisons of distance. From Seattle to Shang-Haï is a distance of 5750 miles; from Liverpool to Shang-Haï, 11,750 miles. Here is a difference of 6000 miles of ocean travel in favor of Seattle, to say nothing of the greater safety of the Seattle route over the Liverpool route. Puget Sound ought to control the trade of Shang-Haï on the merit of distance alone. From Seattle to Canton is a distance of 6500 miles; from Liverpool to Canton, 10,900 miles. New York herself has a personal interest in these figures, for Manhattan Island is 3750 miles nearer Shang-Haï, by way of Puget Sound, than Liverpool is, and at the same time the quickness of transportation is greatly in favor of New York.

With respect to the Russian ports on the Pacific Ocean, the differences in distance and time are still greater. From Seattle to the mouth of the Amoor River is a distance of only 3900 miles; from Liverpool, 13,550 miles. The vast country drained by the Amoor is thus by nature and circumstances more tributary to the United States than to the capital of Russia itself. The projected Russian Pacific Railway will have its eastern terminus at Vladivostok, which is on the Japan Sea, only 4700 miles from Puget Sound. The vast regions of productive country directly tributary to this railroad will naturally establish trade relations with the United States sooner than with any other foreign country, and it remains only for the merchants and manufacturers of America to cultivate that trade. In respect to distance, America has three times as good a chance as Liverpool has.

Apart from the one advantage of distance, which may be considered as the chief advantage in securing the Asiatic trade in competition with Great Britain, there are other advantages that should not be lost sight of. England cannot compete with the United States in the production of the articles of commerce that are most in demand in the Asiatic markets, such as lumber, meats, flour, canned goods, cheap cottons, and all sorts of machinery for agricultural and general use. It should be noted, in passing, that the State of Washington will in time have no superior among the States of America in the production of these things. With this advantage to begin with, America has a double advantage in the cheapness and quickness with which its products may be delivered to the Asiatic markets. The wonderful Japanese current of the Pacific Ocean, which gives the western coast of America one of the finest climates in the world, and which robs even the Alaskan winter of most of its terrors, adds 20 miles a day to a vessel's speed in either going to or coming from the Asiatic coast. The great current flows in a circle from Japan to the American coast and back, and vessels may take passage in either current at will. Disabled junks of the Asiatic coast are sometimes washed ashore in the United States, and no doubt the reverse is quite as true. What with its climatic benefits and its helps to navigation, the gentle Japanese river in the sea seems to have been created especially for the use of the people of the western coast of the United States, and where nature has so plainly taken the initiative, man should follow. Puget Sound's opportunity is too plain to be overlooked.

That this opportunity will be made use of, I have not the slightest doubt. One has only to look back at the record of things accomplished to feel sure that the people of Seattle are equal to any of their opportunities, and likewise capable of meeting any emergency that may arise. The great fire of June 6, 1889, showed that. On that day uncontrollable flames leaped upon the business portion of the city, and swept it from the face of the earth. Before the fire had done its worst the entire business district, which covered an area of 64 acres, had almost utterly disappeared, and with it something like $10,000,000 worth of property. This was not the property of Eastern capitalists, but of the people of Seattle itself, and the loss was theirs. It was a tremendous blow, because these people had not yet passed the period of work and struggle in their business careers; in fact, they had only just begun to see daylight ahead, and to feel confident of a better future. When the fire had done all that fire could do to erase the city of Seattle from the map of the United States, there arose in the breasts of these people a mighty desire to build on the smoking ruins of their city the great, the rich, the mighty Seattle that they had looked forward to as a possibility of the distant future. They decided to build the city then and there, instead of waiting for the slower process of natural growth. Then began a building movement such as only America seems capable of, and which has been surpassed by no other city of equal size in the world. Chicago did more immediately after her fire in 1871, but Chicago was a much larger city, with more to work with. On the sixth day of June, 1890, the building record showed that 130 buildings had been constructed of brick, stone, and iron, in sizes ranging from three to eight stories. The total frontage was more than one and a half miles. The money spent on construction amounted to $4,593,900. At that time it was estimated that when the new buildings then in course of construction should be completed, the total amount of money spent on the brick, stone, and iron buildings would be nearly $7,000,000. During the year there were built 335 frame and corrugated iron buildings, at a cost of $1,266,400. These new buildings were put up in the burned district only. The usual building operations in the residence parts of the city went forward without much interruption. The new wharves constructed to replace the water-front property destroyed by the fire, cost, with their attendant warehouses and coal-bunkers, about $1,288,000. There were 60 new wharves, which had a frontage of more than two miles.

It will be seen by these figures that the total cost of new property in the burned district during the year was about $7,148,000, which nearly matches the loss by the fire, including the destroyed buildings, and the value of the merchandise. In this respect, at least, the fire was a positive gain to Seattle, for the new buildings are infinitely better than the old ones were, and better calculated to give strangers confidence in the future of the city. These buildings, added to the matchless spirit that created them, establish beyond all doubt Seattle's position as a commercial centre, for buildings like these are not built unless the people who built them expect to make good use of them. It may be mentioned incidentally, in connection with this matter, that during the year of the fire, and despite the unavoidable interruption caused by the fire, the wholesale trade of Seattle amounted to more than thirteen millions of dollars. It is larger now, because the city has grown rapidly since the fire, and with increased growth naturally transacts more business. For practical men, the best proof of this commercial activity is the bank statement, which shows the city's balance of account. In commenting on this point, the secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has said: "Enthusiasm may paint in glowing colors the growth and bright future of a community; self-interest may hopefully exaggerate the advantages of the present, and the promises held out of greater prosperity, but the banks tell a cold-blooded, unimpassioned tale of hard, actual cash, counted dollar by dollar. Crowds congregate, men use bad judgment in building costly edifices, booms stir the blood; but the man who holds the money-bag does not get excited. There is no romance about the statement that the total resources of the banks in the city amount to $8,631,227."

There never is any romance in tables of statistics, yet even the least prosaic-minded of men can find something to interest them in the figures that Seattle makes public now and then. Here is a significant comparison: In May, 1889, just before the fire, the deposits in the banks of Seattle amounted to $4,118,033. There were then six banks doing business. On the 1st of June, 1890, the deposits amounted to $6,453,845, divided among twelve banks. It should be remembered here that during that elapsed year more than seven millions of dollars had been paid out for new buildings. These are facts, yet they read very much as though they might be romance. The Chamber of Commerce makes the following statement: "In June, 1889, the taxable property of the city was $16,000,000; now it is $26,000,000. That is a very considerable increase of value within one year. But what is even more significant is that in 1889 the total amount of mortgages on real estate was $2,500,000 or so; this year we have no more than $3,000,000, or a fraction less, although the additional buildings are probably worth $8,000,000. This is evidence that the large amount of building has been at the expense of property owners, and not on borrowed money." This local ownership of property seems to me to be one of the chief reasons for the phenomenal rise of the city out of the ruins of 1889. It was a bad year, as bad years go, but it led to better things, and in the main it might possibly be classed among those things that some folk call blessings in disguise.

To persons who care less for the cold facts of bank statements than for the visible evidences of prosperity there is in Seattle a story of achievement little short of the miraculous. Here is a solid city of more than forty thousand people where only a few years ago there was a lonely saw-mill settlement in the midst of the primeval wilderness. Man first came to the site of Seattle for the timber that grew round about. The saw-mill community took the name of Seattle from the chief of the Suquampsh and other allied tribes of Indians. The advantages of the Puget Sound region were known—at least so far as navigation was concerned—as early as 1841, when the head of a government exploring expedition said in a report: "I venture nothing in saying that no country in the world possesses waters equal to these. From the mouth of the straits to the head of navigation, two hundred miles inland, not a shoal nor reef nor hidden danger exists. At times it narrows to a river's width, and again widens into the majesty of a sea, but is everywhere free to navigation, the home of all-craft, blue, deep, and fathomless." With such a sheet of land-locked water as the sound, and with such inexhaustible resources in timber as the tributary country possessed, it was no wonder that Seattle should grow. Yet the growth was not particularly rapid until the overland railroad movement attracted the attention of men seeking new fields for their money and their business energies. When the Northern Pacific Railroad reached the Pacific coast, Seattle began that era of marvellous growth which has not yet come to an end. Seattle is still growing, as any one may see without the aid of statistics. When the Great Northern Railroad also reaches the sound, as it is expected to do within a reasonable length of time, that growth will be reinforced by an added impulse of prosperity.

The mere fact of a new railroad having crossed the continent and connected the waterways of the Pacific with the head of the Great Lakes would not of itself cause much of a forward movement, for there are scores of towns along the lines of the transcontinental roads that a railway to the moon would not wake into commercial activity; but it is the business that the new road makes possible that stirs the blood of the pioneer citizens. It must be remembered that every new railroad that cuts a path through the wilderness of western Washington, and builds its wharves on the shores of the sound, lets loose the resources of one of the richest States in the American Union. There are hundreds of men in Washington waiting for the new road to carry their timber and their coal, their iron and their precious mineral, to the nearest market, and when these men begin to realize on their investments there will be thousands of others to come in and imitate their example. In these regions yet to be traversed by railroads there is enough timber uncut to keep the whole world going for fifty years or more; there is coal enough and to spare to supply the needs of the Pacific coast from Alaska to Cape Horn, and there is good agricultural land enough to maintain a population of four or five millions of people. I do not blame the Seattle man for having day-dreams as bright as the glitter of snow on lofty Mount Ranier, nor can I deny his prophecies of wealth in days to come, for the great State of Washington is a magazine of almost untouched wealth, and Puget Sound is its market. The good folk who are already on the ground, and who see what infinite riches are within their grasp, may be pardoned their contempt for Eastern sluggishness and indifference, for the East does not know and cannot understand. People who are content with three or four per cent. interest on their money, and who are too conservative to believe that any high rate is safe, will doubtless never know the possibilities of profit in the new regions of the Pacific Northwest, where shrewd and capable people are chafing and worrying because they have not the means at hand to take full advantage of their opportunities. It is not too much to expect that these conservative Eastern men, or at least their successors, will some day be only too glad to lend money on property in the Pacific Northwest at the rate of three or four per cent.

If in this article I have given more attention to the facts and figures of Seattle's material prosperity than to any other feature of her existence, it is because that is about all there is to talk about. Seattle has no past and no history. It is all present and future. Even in social or local characteristics she is not particularly distinctive, at least not sufficiently so as to cause separate consideration. That is something for the future. The essayist on American cities twenty years hence will deal with this question to better purpose. Just at present Seattle is a collection of Eastern and Western people bent on making money. They are not on Puget Sound for their health, although the climate is something to take delight in, and their social existence is a secondary and necessarily rather mixed attribute. Most families have set up their household gods in much the same way as that in which they took them down when they moved from their last place of residence, whether it was Beacon Street, Boston, or Champa Street, Denver. The visitor will find very little difference between the social life here and that in the older cities of the East and West, with the exception, perhaps, that in the new place there is less actual conservatism than in the old. The finished social character of Seattle is a matter for another decade, although the people have already made a good beginning. The broad and comprehensive manner in which public improvements have been projected and carried out, and the liberal and intelligent way in which churches, schools, and charitable organizations have been supported, together with the undoubted taste and far-sightedness with which private residences have been built, show to my mind that these people have determined to make Seattle the equal morally, socially, and intellectually of any city of similar size in the United States.

When a man makes a trial of doing business in Seattle, and after a time sends for his family, that shows that he is satisfied to make the city his home; and when, after a reasonable lapse of time, he builds a fine house and moves into it, that shows that not only is his family satisfied with Seattle, but that he is prospering in his affairs. This is practically a condensed history of Seattle, as far as Seattle has any history. Men have come to the new place as a financial experiment, and they have invested some money on what they were accustomed to call their business judgment. When they prospered, and were able to pay bills when due, they took a liking to the place, for here was one spot where fortune did not begrudge them a living. Once started on the road to money-making, they found the way comparatively easy, and in the course of a few weeks, when they found that they had money to spare, they reinvested it in Seattle property. They did this over and over again, each time better pleased than the time before, and it was not long before they began to look upon the city with an affection that few financial storms could shake. Man is always pleased with a town that gives him prosperity. In the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains I have heard men speak with absolute human affection of some straggling, unkempt, and ill-favored mountain town that a decent person would be ashamed to die in, and it was only because this disreputable huddle of shanties had poured the yellow gold of good luck into their outstretched hands. The people of Seattle think wonderfully well of their town, and with good reason. While they have been building the city, the city has been enriching them, which is a just exchange of common interest. Two such good friends as the city and its builders should long work together in peace and prosperity, to the end that some day a community of half a million people shall look out across the sun-flecked waters of Puget Sound.

A SONG.

LOVE is like these: the bubble on the stream
  Now seen, now gone;
The wild red flush that sets the east agleam
  At stormy dawn;

A wondrous lily, blooming but to die;
  Sprung from strange root,
A purple flower of golden eye
  And poison fruit;

A rare red rose that shelters in the hand,
  But keeps its thorn;
A laughing mirage mocking thirsty sand
  In deserts lorn;

The carol gay of blithesome summer birds
  At winter fled;
The painful sweetness of remembered words
  From lips long dead.

And yet—and yet, while summer stars shall shine,
  Or breezes blow,
Love will be king, and rule by right divine
  O'er high and low.

M. WILLIAMS.

THE WARRIOR MONKS OF THE SAHARA.

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

BY F. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

FRANCE is indeed a land of surprises and paradoxes. Who in the world could have dreamt that the last decade of this prosaical, matter-of-fact, and commonplace nineteenth century would witness the revival of one of the most romantic features of the Middle Ages, and that, too, by the most sceptical, cynical, and superficial people under the sun? For it is members of the *jeunesse dorée* of France who have formed the first contingent of the holy order known as the Warrior Monks of the Sahara. The latter are the modern embodiment of the Knights of Malta and Knights Templars of crusading days. The steel helmet is replaced by one made of cork, with duly patented ventilating apparatus; the visor, instead of being of metal, is of cloth, similar to those worn by the Tuareg Arabs; and in lieu of the pennoned lance, there is a far more deadly weapon in the shape of a repeating rifle. The object in view, however, is the same, namely, the delivery of slaves from bondage, and the propagation of Christianity by means not of the gospel alone, but of the gospel allied to the sword. Cardinal Lavigerie, to whom the merit of this extraordinary revival belongs, has lived long enough in Africa to learn that the one is indispensable to the other—at any rate, among the turbulent and warlike races who inhabit the northern half of the Dark Continent. He has witnessed the marvellous success of the Moslem proselytism, which, although attended by violence and bloodshed, has imparted a certain amount of civilization and enlightenment to nations steeped in the very lowest depths of pagan barbarism. After comparing the many millions of converts to Mohammedanism to the relatively few thousands of converts to Christianity in Africa, and after a careful and profound study of the problem—a study for which his breadth of mind and liberality of view particularly fitted him—he has come to the conclusion that the system of sending out unarmed missionaries to preach the gospel and nothing but the gospel among the savages was all wrong; that both the heroism and the martyrdom of these pioneers of Christianity were entirely wasted, and that if any material good were to be achieved, it could only be done by means of a radical change.

With this purpose in view, he has founded the order of the Warrior Monks of the Sahara. Instead of meekly bowing their heads to receive the martyr's crown, they will fight for their lives. They will seek to attract sympathy and good-will by developing the productiveness of the oases, and by the creation of new ones, where they will form stations for the relief of the sick, for the offer of hospitality to all comers, and for the refuge and protection of fugitive slaves. Their aim will be to afford practical demonstration of the benefits and advantages of civilization, to preach by example the elements thereof, and to thus prepare the ground for conversion to Christianity. The latter, although the principal object, is the last in order. For Cardinal Lavigerie proposes that instead of proselytism preparing the ground for the seeds of civilization, it is the elements of civilization which are to prepare the ground for the seeds of Christianity. Civilization will act as forerunner instead of following in the wake of the gospel.

The headquarters of the order are at Biskra, on the Algerian borders of the Great Sahara Desert, and were solemnly consecrated by Cardinal Lavigerie in the early part of last month. The name of the spot is M'salla, which is the Arabic designation for a "place of prayer." The estate contains a plantation of palms in full bearing, and is traversed in part by a small irrigation canal, which is the share of the precious fluid it is entitled to from the neighboring town. Great stretches of ground are, however, uncultivated for want of water, and measures have already been taken for its reclamation by the creation of an artificial supply. A well was sunk to a depth of fifty-three metres, the water of which, declared to be practically inexhaustible, rises naturally to within thirty-two metres of the mouth of the well, and is thence raised by pumps to the surface. A second well has also been dug, in order to provide auxiliary resources. The monks will therefore be trained in the methods of Saharian culture as well as in the use of arms, while the neighborhood of the illimitable tracts of the desert will enable them to acquire the more savage accomplishments of camel-riding and hunting by practice. The house, occupying an area of seventy metres by ten, with the kitchens and offices in out-buildings, has the ground-floor solidly built of stone instead of the sun-dried mud bricks generally used by the Arabs. The choice of Biskra for the headquarters of the order is a fortunate one, for the town, which is situated in an oasis, commands one of the principal routes of the Soudan. The town proper is composed of one large street full of European houses, and intersected by a number of smaller streets. The oasis, which is five kilometres long and half a kilometre broad, forms a forest of 150,000 palm-trees and 5000 olive and fruit trees. The population is cosmopolitan, and includes French, Tunisians, Arabs, Moors, and Israelites.

A few days after the inauguration of the mother house of the order at M'salla the ceremony of consecrating and of administering the vows to the first batch of these Warrior Monks took place. The postulants were twelve in number, every one of whom belonged to the French aristocracy, and had held the rank of officer in the army. Among them are two young lieutenant-colonels of the general staff, who had abandoned a brilliant military career to devote their lives henceforth to the good of humanity in the most terrible of all deserts. But probably the most notable of these neophytes was the Vicomte Guy de Brissac, one of the best-known and most popular of Parisian clubmen. His achievements on the turf as the owner of a small but exceedingly choice stable were only equalled by his successes in the *salons* and boudoirs of the gay capital; and if ever there has been one who has merited description as a spoiled child of fortune, Guy de Brissac was the man. A year ago his *fiancée*, whom he worshipped, died of a rapid decline—that strange malady which seems to enhance and etherealize the beauty of its victims, and to illumine their eyes with a strange light.

She rests beneath a snowy marble cross in the pretty little cemetery that nestles among the pine-trees at Arcachon, and to-day her lover, the pleasure-seeking, sceptical, and worldly Guy de Brissac, who had disappeared from all his accustomed haunts since her death, turns up at Biskra, on the borders of the great desert, in the guise of the newly consecrated Warrior Monks of the Sahara.

To those who are accustomed to consider the life of a monk as devoted entirely to prayer, fasting, meditation, and flagellation, the mode of existence of the members of Cardinal Lavigerie's newly founded order will appear a strange anomaly. Fasting is dispensed with altogether, and the only dietary restrictions imposed upon the monks are that they shall invariably content themselves with the food of the district to which they are assigned. Thus, for instance, in places where it is impossible to obtain bread, they will have to be satisfied with dried dates. There is no fixed time appointed for their devotions. They are left free to pray when the spirit moves them to do so, and Sunday, instead of being applied to solemn services, is observed by military drill and by rifle, sword, and pistol practice. The rules, however, demand that they should never sleep otherwise than fully dressed and with their weapons beside them, so as to be always ready for an emergency. The rules of the order have been formulated by Cardinal Lavigerie himself, and every line of them contains evidence of the remarkable liberality, common-sense, and breadth of view of their illustrious author, a prince of the Church who has not considered it amiss to inaugurate in Algeria dromedary races, with all the usual accompaniment of book-makers, professional bettors, and other analogous fungi of the turf, for the purpose of creating an incentive toward the improvement of the animal known as the "ship of the desert."

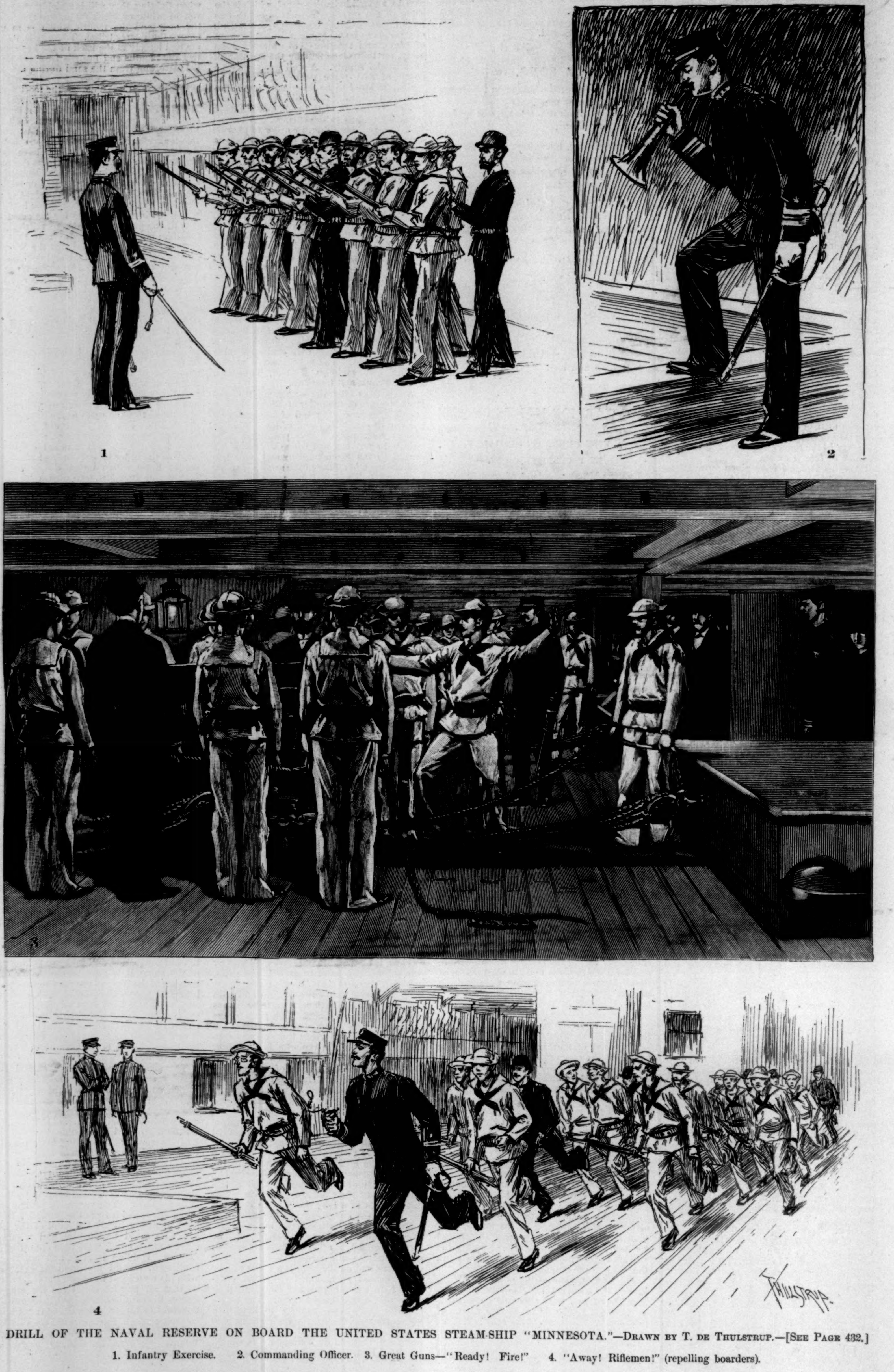
One of the principal features of the ceremony of the administering the vows to the monks consisted in the solemn blessing by the cardinal of their arms, of their equipment, and of their attire or uniform. The last consists of a long white tunic, descending below the knee, belted at the waist, and with a large red Maltese cross on the breast. The pantaloons are loose and baggy, such as those affected by the Turks of the old school; a voluminous white burnoose hangs from the shoulders, and on the head is a white pith or straw helmet, surmounted on grand occasions by a white plume, and embellished in front with a red Maltese cross. The entire costume bears some analogy to that with which Daudet invested the ecclesiastics who accompanied the famous expedition of the immortal Tartarin de Tarascon. It should be added that, except when on the move or when fighting, they will invariably wear the veil of white or black cloth, covering both the nose and the mouth, which is in use among the Tuareg tribes. These veils, which are tied loosely at the back of the head, protect the mouths and nostrils from the terrible glare, and from the sand during the desert storms.

It is among these Tuaregs, the most fierce, blood-thirsty, fanatic, and untamable of all Moorish races in Africa, that their lot is to be cast. They proceed among them with the knowledge that every one of the unarmed missionary priests who have gone before during the last three decades have been cruelly put to death. They profess the most intolerant, bigoted, and fanatical Mohammedanism, and hold all intercourse or contact with a Christian as sinful in the sight of the Prophet. It is their irreconcilable hostility which renders all projects for the construction of the great trans-Saharan railroad impossible; and it is worthy of note that the oases which it is proposed that the Warrior Monks should occupy, hold, and develop are precisely those situated along the route of the contemplated line of railroad. The Tuaregs are all members of the Senousi fraternity, a sect which not only holds that it is wicked to salute, speak, or trade with unbelievers, but also that it is lawful and even godly to rob and kill every Christian they meet.

There seems to be no lack of volunteers, or, to speak more correctly, of postulants for admission to the new order of the Warrior Monks of the Sahara. Over one hundred and thirty have already arrived at Biskra, and have commenced their novitiate, which is destined to inure them to the hardships of desert life. Few of them are without a more or less romantic history, and there is more than one who has been led to take the vows of the order by circumstances as tragical as those which impelled the brilliant Marquis de Brecourt, who died a couple of weeks ago, to assume the habit of a friar, and to become the humble night porter of the monastery at the Grande Chartreuse. M. de Brecourt, coming home one day from a shooting expedition, and finding himself unable to extract the cartridge from his gun, discharged it into a thicket. His only daughter happened to be standing behind it, and was killed on the spot. Curiously enough, the day porter of the Grande Chartreuse, who died within a few days of the Marquis de Brecourt, was a man who in secular life had been still more widely known, and whose name figures prominently in modern European history; for, prior to his conversion to Catholicism by Bishop Dupanloup, he was one of the most famous generals of the Russian army, and was commander-in-chief during the Caucasian campaign which resulted in the subjugation and overthrow of Schamyl.

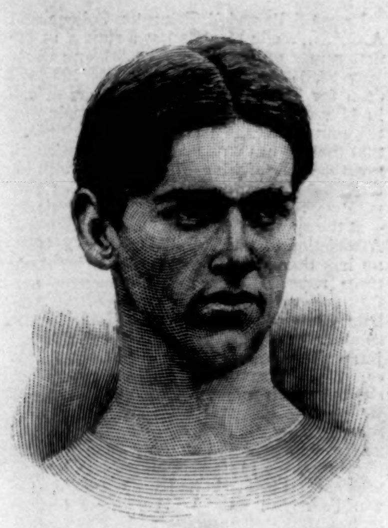
Two days after pronouncing their vows, which, instead of being taken for life, are limited to a term of five years, renewable at will, five of the Warrior Monks started out for Wargla, an important oasis about three hundred miles to the south of Biskra. It is there that the first of the armed stations projected by Cardinal Lavigerie is to be established. It is entirely surrounded by sand, a green island in an ocean of fire. The second station will be at the oasis of Mes Jonah, near the Morocco frontier, which is traversed by all the great slave caravans coming from the south, and which has acquired a peculiarly evil name, owing to the fact of its being the place where lads are mutilated to render them fit for service as guardians of the various harems throughout the Mohammedan world. More than fifty per cent. perish from loss of blood, which is stanched in the most primitive manner, *i. e.*, by burying them for the space of four-and-twenty hours up to their necks in the burning hot sand, leaving only their heads exposed to the torturing bites of the insects, and to the scorching rays of the sun. It is here where the military training of the Warrior Monks will be brought into full play. For the slave-dealers are sure to make a hard fight to prevent the establishment within the narrow limits of the oasis of a fortified station where every slave who is able to effect his or her escape from their cruel hands is certain to find a refuge and protection.

The slave-dealers, however, extend their activity even to the very doors of Biskra, which, as stated above, is built on an oasis, and one of the most dramatic features of the ceremony of the consecration of the monks was when Cardinal Lavigerie led to the altar a little brown girl barely nine years old, who had succeeded in concealing herself, and in effecting her escape from a slave caravan passing through the desert a few miles to the south of Biskra. A sudden movement of the child caused her to drop something that she was holding concealed beneath the folds of her djebba. The venerable prelate bent down and raised it from the ground. It was a small dusky hand—the hand of the little girl who stood beside him, and which in sheer wanton cruelty had been cut off by her captors. Holding it aloft, and pointing it southward toward the great Sahara, while with his own hand he raised the child's arm, so that all present could see the mangled stump, the cardinal exclaimed, in tones which seemed to ring forth as a clarion: "I would to God that all Europe could see this little hand! May it serve to direct your line of march. *En avant* for God, for France, and for humanity!"



DRILL OF THE NAVAL RESERVE ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SHIP "MINNESOTA."—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 432.]

1. Infantry Exercise. 2. Commanding Officer. 3. Great Guns—"Ready! Fire!" 4. "Away! Riflemen!" (repelling boarders).

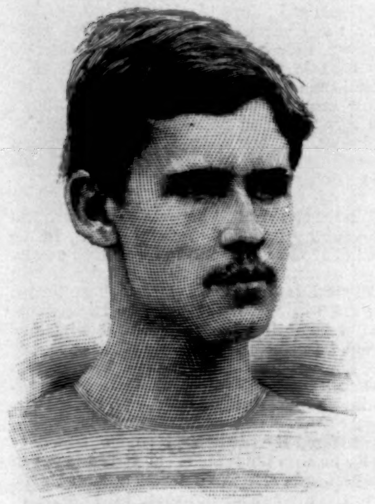


VICTOR MAPES, COLUMBIA.
Running Broad Jump, 22 11¼.

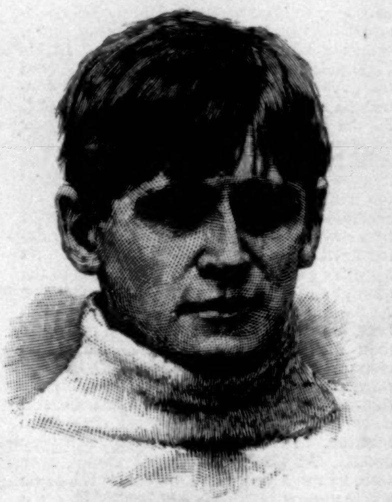
R. S. HALE, HARVARD.
Mile Walk, 6.59⅗.

J. R. FINLAY, HARVARD.
Hammer, 108 5.

JAMES P. LEE, HARVARD.
220-yard Hurdles, 24⅗.
World's Record.

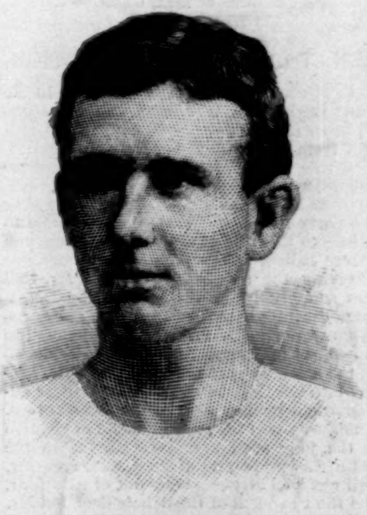


LLOYD COLLIS, COLUMBIA.
Mile Walk, 7.01⅘.



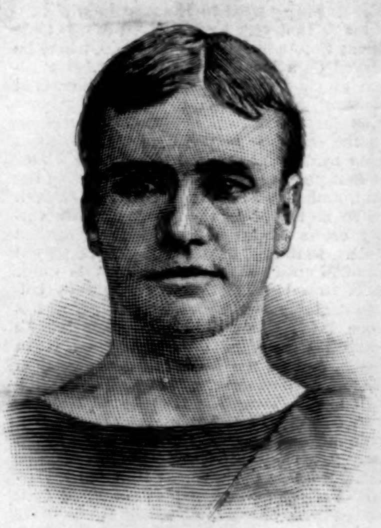
GEORGE R. FEARING, HARVARD.
Running High Jump, 6 2¼.

E. B. BLOSS, HARVARD.
Running Hop, Step, and Jump, 44 11¼.

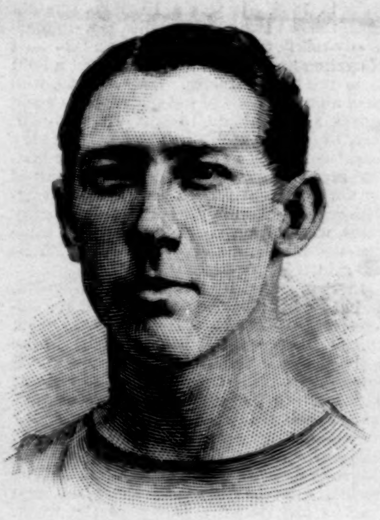


E. D. RYDER, YALE.
Pole Vault, 10 7¼.

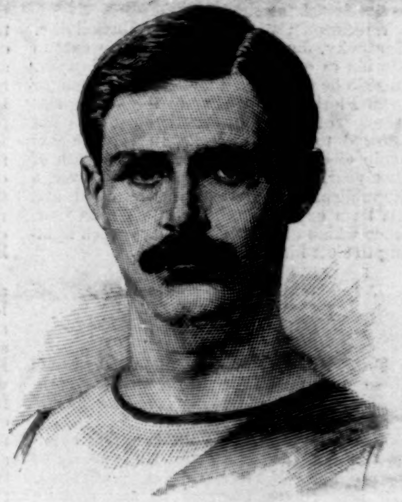
A. S. VOSBURGH, COLUMBIA.
Half-Mile, 1.59⅕.



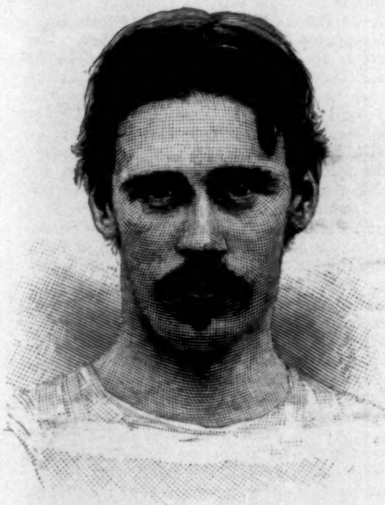
ERNEST S. RAMSDELL, PRINCETON.
Running Broad Jump, 22 6.



HENRY L. WILLIAMS, YALE.
120-yard Hurdle, 15⅘.
World's Record.

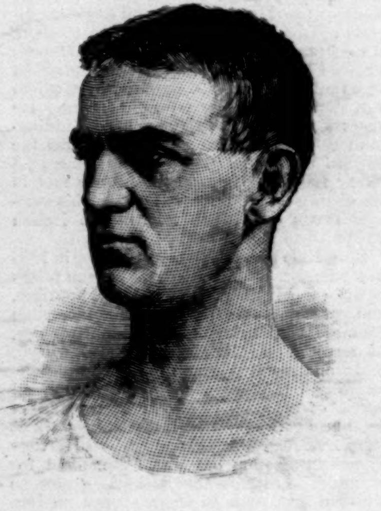


R. H. DAVIS, HARVARD.
2-mile Bicycle, 6.01.



HERBERT MAPES, COLUMBIA.
120-yard Hurdles, 16⅕.

C. O. WELLS, AMHERST.
Mile Run, 4.29⅘



GEORGE B. SHATTUCK, AMHERST.
Quarter-mile, 49⅕.

W. B. WRIGHT, JUN., YALE
Half-mile, 1.59⅕.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONS.—[See Page 430.]

HON. WILKINSON CALL, OF FLORIDA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

SENATOR CALL'S RE-ELECTION.

AFTER a long and exciting contest in the State Legislature, Wilkinson Call was elected to succeed himself as United States Senator from Florida. It has been a time-honored rule in the State that the Democratic candidate must receive two-thirds of the caucus vote before he is officially recognized as the party nominee. The caucus decided to adhere to this rule at their first meeting, and ninety ballots were taken without any one receiving the required majority. Mr. Call was supported by a majority of the Democrats during all the sessions, but his opponents were equally firm, and the contest has been most exciting. At length it was decided to abandon the caucus and throw the contest into the Legislature, which was near adjournment by limitation of the Constitution. A majority was the only requisite to election in the joint session, and on May 26th the State Assembly and Senate met, and Mr. Call received fifty-one votes out of fifty-four, and the President of the Senate declared Mr. Call elected. A number of anti-Call Senators were not present, and a quorum of the Senate was lacking, but the joint session contained a majority of all members elected to the Legislature.

Wilkinson Call was born in Russellville, Kentucky, January 9, 1834. He went to Florida in early life, and became a lawyer. In 1865 he was elected United States Senator from Florida, but owing to the subsequent passage of the reconstruction act was not allowed to take his seat. In 1879 he was again elected, and was seated March 8th of that year, succeeding Simon B. Conover, a Republican. In 1885 he was returned, and his term expired on March 3d of this year, since which time his friends have been fighting to elect him for a third term.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS.

THIS article does not include what records these men may have made on May 30th. They will be found under "Amateur Sport."

Henry L. Williams, Yale, is a fine specimen of an all-round athlete. He is nearly 22 years old, height 6 feet, and weighs, stripped, 175 lbs. Never engaged in any athletic games before going to college, but played half back on his school foot-ball team. His first games were in the spring of his Freshman year, when he won the 120-yard hurdle, shot, broad and high jumps, and took second in the hammer; and two weeks later, at the Intercollegiate Championships, he ran second to Herbert Mapes in the high hurdles in 17⅕. In the Sophomore games the following year he won the high and broad jumps and both hurdle events, and at the university games the same week won one first and four seconds. At the Intercollegiate Championships the same year he ran second to Herbert Mapes in both hurdles—time 16⅘ and 26⅗ seconds. In June of the same year he won first in the 120 hurdles at Eastern Championship of A. A. U., and later the all-round championship of Yale. In the spring of '90, his Junior year, he won the broad jump and both hurdles in his college games. At the Berkeley A. C. games, May 17, '90, he won the 120-yard hurdle in 16 seconds, defeating H. Mapes, and establishing an American record equal to the world's. On the same day he ran second by a yard in the low hurdles to J. P. Lee when he made his record of 25⅗ seconds. At the Intercollegiate Championships the week following he won the 120 hurdles against wind in 16⅕ seconds, and again ran second to Lee in the 220 hurdles, who made a new record of 25⅗ seconds. Last September (27th), at Montreal, he won the Canadian championships for the 120 hurdle in 16 seconds, and has touched that record several times this spring. He has played foot-ball every year since he entered college; was substitute half back on the 'varsity eleven in his Junior year, and regular half back last fall. He played in the first half of the Harvard game last year. He has rowed on class crews every spring, and does a considerable amount of swimming in summer, so that he is kept pretty much in training the entire year. He does not smoke, and is 25 lbs. heavier than when he entered college.

James P. Lee ran his first race on May 14, '86, just five years ago, a 220-yard flat given under the auspices of the Berkeley School, and open to the school-boys of New York city only. He won it in 24⅕ seconds. The following Saturday he won the 220 and 120 hurdles, broad jump, and high jump, at the Interscholastic games. From that time to this he has been more or less actively engaged during the spring seasons, but has done but little running in comparison with athletes living in New York city. College athletics have always claimed his interest a great deal more than the quarrels of city clubs. He has been on the Harvard Mott Haven Team the three years that he has been in college, and upon the 'varsity foot-ball and his class base-ball teams for the like time. He has competed in but one A. A. U. championship meeting, and then won the 220 yards in a rain-storm, Sherrill being a close second (June 1, 1889). His career in hurdling, though shorter-lived, is more highly satisfactory than that in sprinting. Last year he took up hurdling three weeks before the Intercollegiate games. With one week's practice he easily won at the Manhattan games from an 8-yard handicap in 25⅕ seconds. At the Berkeley games the week following he went back to scratch, winning his trial heat in 25⅗ seconds, the final in 25⅗ seconds, both breaking the old record. The following week, at the Intercollegiate Championship, he won the same event in 25⅕ seconds. About ten days ago—May 22d—he ran the 220 hurdle in 24⅘ seconds, an astonishing performance that puts the record probably beyond the reach of any athlete of to-day. Lee has likewise a brilliant career on the gridiron field. For several seasons he has been on the 'varsity eleven, and last fall, at Springfield, in the Yale game, scored a touch-down, after a beautiful run that helped to give his college the first foot-ball victory over Yale in years. He weighs 180 lbs., is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and will be 21 years of age this month. His best performances are: 100 yards, 10⅕ seconds, Beacon Park, June, 1890; 220, 21⅘ from 2 yards at Princeton, May 9th; also 22 seconds and 22⅕ from scratch in trials at Cambridge, May 22d; 220 hurdles, 25⅕, May 31, '90; high jump, 5 feet 10 inches, Ladies' Day, N. Y. A. C., 1889.

R. H. Davis first rode at the open meeting of the "Veloce Club di Bologna," Bologna, Italy, in 1886. It was a 10-kilom. scratch. Until the last two years handicaps were practically unknown in Italy, although the sport of cycling had and has almost as great a hold as in the United States. The Italians, who have no other form of out-door sport, except horses and "pallone," a sort of hand-ball, took to cycling keenly. The roads are very fair, the entries of a good class, and a first-rate race meeting always draws. Davis lived on the Continent for ten years, between his fifth and seventeenth years, and rode in many races, winning on an ordinary wheel some distance events, the only ones in which he has ridden in fast time.

In September, 1887, he entered Harvard, and at the Freshman games lowered the college record (2 miles) from 6.28 to 6.18, and at the 'varsity games to 6.02⅗. In the spring he rode on the Harvard team at the Intercollegiate Championships in New York, winning. In the summer he rode at Buffalo, winning the only two open safety events—one scratch, the other handicap (3 miles), starting on the 140-yard mark—and also rode second twice and third once in the tandem safety events, this being the first time he had ridden a safety on the track. At Hartford he won the mile safety handicap from scratch in 2.46, beating Crist, and breaking the amateur American record. The same day he rode a mile with Crist on a tandem safety without pace-makers in 2.44⅕, breaking the then existing world's tandem bicycle record of 2.57 by the Banker brothers at Lockport. In 1889 he rode at the Intercollegiate Championships, but was disqualified on a foul, but made 6.01 in a trial heat, which still stands as an intercollegiate record. He also rode a couple of times on the Paddington track at London, making 2.35⅗ from the 50-yard mark=2.39⅘—his fastest time in a race. Last year he won the bicycle race in the championship at New York. This summer Davis expects to ride in the Italian Safety Championships.

R. S. Hale began his athletic career in 1884 as a wrestler. While at school he won prizes at wrestling, boxing, high and broad jumping, and pole-vaulting. In 1886 he won his school championship for the mile walk in 9 minutes, 5⅕ seconds. In 1887 he entered Harvard, and won several prizes in jumping and pole-vaulting, but later was obliged to give up all forms of athletic exercise. In the fall of 1890 he again appeared in the mile walk at the B. A. A., M. A. C., and Salford Harriers games in Boston, but was disqualified for running. Later, in the B. A. A. games, he finished first, with 25 seconds' start on Bardeen. In the H. A. A. fall games he won the mile walk from scratch in 6.59⅘. In the Harvard class games, April 28, 1891, Hale established a new collegiate record of 6 minutes, 56⅕ seconds, the walking being judged by J. S. Lathrop and E. E. Merrill, the latter for many years champion amateur walker of America, and judge of walking at numerous athletic meetings. May 2d he won the walk at the H. A. A. games, and in the Yale-Harvard games on May 16th. Hale's walking has been frequently criticised. As a matter of fact, he has been disqualified four times in twelve races, once by McEwen and three times by Merrill, of which two were at the finish of close races. Hale's style looks peculiar, owing to his exceedingly short stride and lack of hip action, but it is considered perfectly fair by good judges. He is 21 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs 163 lbs.

The time E. D. Ryder appeared outside of his college games was at the Intercollegiate Championships last year, when he created great surprise by vaulting a tie with Herbert Walsh, Columbia, at 10 feet 7 inches. Previous to that time he was very little known; in fact, not at all outside of New Haven. He has been entered in a number of games since then, but has never succeeded in getting as high as he did in that intercollegiate championship.

William B. Wright, Jun., had quite an athletic reputation before he entered Yale, for during his last two years in the preparatory school he played foot-ball, and took twelve prizes in jumping and putting the shot, and one for the 100-yard dash. At the interscholastic meeting of Boston schools held at Southborough, Massachusetts, in June, 1888, he secured the running and standing broad jump, standing high jump, and the shot. In his Freshman year, at the university games, held ten days previous to the intercollegiate contest, he took second in the 440 yards in 53⅗. At the intercollegiate games this same year he won second in his trial heat in the 440, with Downs of Harvard first, and in the final took fourth place, Dohm of Princeton winning first in 50 seconds. During his Sophomore year he was greatly handicapped by a strained knee, and unable to begin training until about the first week in March. At his class games, however, he won first in the quarter and second at the university contests. At the intercollegiate games he won his trial heat, but was boxed in the final, and only took fifth place. In the Yale all-round championship games in June, 1890, he won third place. Last fall, while training for the foot-ball team, he broke his collar-bone, and since then has devoted himself entirely to running. This spring he has not run very much. At the Yale-Harvard games, May 16th, he ran a very close second to White on a heavy track in 2.01⅗. On the 23d he ran a trial to lower the Yale half-mile record of 2.03⅗ made by Hinckley in '89; he finished in 2.01⅕.

J. R. Finlay went to Harvard in '87. Previous to that year he had lived most of his life at Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he played on a local foot-ball eleven. He began playing foot-ball as soon as he entered Harvard, and got on the 'varsity, though subsequently laid off because of an abscess on the ear. He played with the Freshman team against Yale, however. In the winter of that year he began practising putting the shot, and in a few weeks got it to 35 feet. In '88 he rowed on the Freshman and 'varsity crews in the class races, and against Yale. In the fall of the same year he played foot-ball until laid up with water on the knee. In '89 rowed on the 'varsity, and won the college championship in sculling, which he has since held. Last fall, November 2d, he reached Cambridge off a trip from Nova Scotia, and on the following day played in the game which gave the foot-ball championship to his class. He then began training with the 'varsity eleven, and played against Yale on the 22d. Last December he began practising shot-putting, and soon reached 38 feet. His best put was May 16th, in the Harvard-Yale games, when he reached 40 feet. He began throwing the hammer March 25th, never having gone into the game before. May 16th he threw it 108 feet 5 inches, breaking the best college record, and coming within a couple of inches of the world's.

George R. Fearing's athletic début was probably more brilliant than that of any other college man in the country. At the Interscholastic Championship games of 1889, held at Berkeley Oval, this school-boy, representing Cutler's, captured four first prizes from good men. He took the high jump at 5 feet 8½ inches, the 120-yard hurdles in 16⅗ seconds, the quarter-mile run in 54⅕ seconds, and the half-mile run in 2.05⅕—extremely good performances, every one of them. Shortly after he entered Harvard he won an in-door running high jump off boards at 5 feet 10¾ inches, which at that time was the next best to Page's floor record of 6 feet. On April 12th of same year he won the 1000-yard run at the in-door championship games held at Boston, meeting some of the best men of the New York clubs. A little later (May 23d), at his college games, he jumped 6 feet ¼ inch. He won the jump easily at the Intercollegiate Championships last year, as well as running a couple of hurdle races. This spring, at the in-door games of the Boston Athletic Association, he cleared 6 feet 2¼ inches, which is the world's record for boards, and a marvellous performance. He has not shown especially good jumping form since then, but has been devoting quite a bit of time to the hurdles, high and low, and made some very good races. He is a natural athlete, and besides being a champion at running high jumping, is a first-class performer in the middle distances and over the sticks.

Ernest S. Ramsdell, Princeton College, and A.C.S.N., made his début as a runner at the first games of the Cape May Athletic Club, May 23, 1887, where he won the 100-yard dash for boys under seventeen years of age in 11 seconds, following it up by winning the same race the next September. Since that time he has won about seventy prizes, a great number of which, however, were in interscholastic contests, winning for his preparatory school—the Germantown Academy—at the sports of the Interacademic Athletic Association of Philadelphia on June 2, 1890, no less than nine first prizes, and breaking three records. His first noteworthy performance was at the open games of the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy in the summer of 1889, when he won the broad jump with an actual jump of 21 feet 10 inches. Since then he has twice competed in championship games, winning the broad jump at the Eastern Championships, held at Staten Island June 28, 1890, with a jump of 22 feet 6 inches; and at the National Championships, Washington, October 11, 1890, he took second to A. F. Copland, who broke the world's record with a jump of 23 feet 3¼ inches, Ramsdell jumping 22 feet 5¼ inches. He has been ill this spring, and not able to do himself justice; but some good work is expected of him in the fall.

The athletic career of George B. Shattuck has been confined almost wholly to the track. It began at Phillips (Andover) Academy, under the direction of Mr. Pettee, the well-known Yale runner of '88. As a stimulus to athletic work, this gentleman offered a handsome silver cup to the winner of a 12-mile cross-country run. Shattuck entered in this race, and finished first in 1 hour 48 minutes. A few days later, in the school games, he took first in the 100 yards, his time being 11⅕ seconds.

In the following fall he entered Amherst College, and during his first year there did not enter prominently into athletics. In the fall of 1889 he took part in the college games, and won first place in the quarter-mile and 220-yard dashes, lowering the college record of 25⅗ seconds in the latter to 25 seconds. After careful training during the winter of 1890, he came upon the track in the spring in fine condition. He was at once put to work by the college trainer on the quarter-mile, and he has devoted himself to that distance since. Last year, at the Berkeley games, he secured the 440 in 50⅘ seconds. Ten days later he won the same event at Worcester in 52⅗ seconds. He was defeated at Mott Haven shortly afterward, however, by Downs, of Harvard. Last fall, in his college games, he was an easy winner in the 220 and 440 yard dashes, also taking a place in the 120 hurdle race and running high jump. At the New England intercollegiate meet, May 27th, he won the quarter in 50⅘ seconds. He holds college records in 220 yards, 23⅗ seconds; in 440 yards, 52⅗ seconds; and 500 yards, 1 minute and 14 seconds.

E. B. Bloss began his athletic career at Phillips (Exeter) Academy, where, in the spring games of '89, he sent in his entry merely to fill out the events. He surprised himself probably as much as any one when, on competing, he broke the school jumping records. Since that time he has devoted himself to the running broad and running hop, step, and jump, and with success. Last year he entered Harvard, and in the fall established a new college record of 21 feet 10 inches for the running broad jump, and on October 28, '90, an American record of 44 feet 11¼ inches for the hop, step, and jump. This performance was made late in the afternoon on a cold, raw day, and the chances are good he would have done better had the conditions been more conducive to jumping. In form he weighs 140 lbs., but at present is light, having been ill this spring. He has not been doing himself justice lately, but will probably do well in the fall.

The Mapes boys and Columbia College athletics are contemporaneous. Two of them, long since graduated, were sprinters in their day, and have ever since retained an active interest in the *alma mater*. One of them is the most skilful performer over hurdles in the country, and the youngest has a broad-jump record of 22 feet 9 inches. Herbert is 23 years old and weighs about 140 lbs. He made his first appearance in athletics in '87, and gave evidence at once of unusual ability. In 1888, however, he first distinguished himself by winning the 120-yard hurdle event at the Intercollegiate Championships in 17⅕ seconds, which was within a fifth of the then existing record, and running second to Copland in the N. A. A. A. Championships in both hurdle events. He made great improvement, and in '89 he won the 120-yard hurdle in 16⅘ seconds, and the 220-yard hurdle in 26⅗ seconds, establishing new intercollegiate records in each instance. In the Berkeley Athletic Club games, May 17, '90, he finished second, by one yard, to H. L. Williams in the 120-yard hurdle—time, 16 seconds, the world's record. Two weeks later he and Williams again came together in the high hurdles at the Intercollegiate Championships, and again he ran second by about the same distance in 16⅕ seconds against the wind. At the Columbia College games this year he won the 120 hurdle in 16⅗ seconds, and the 220 hurdle in 26⅕ seconds, making new college records. At the Berkeley games, May 16th, he won the 120-yard hurdle in 16⅕ seconds. Last year he was not in the best of form, notwithstanding his good performances; he was not strong, and had a weak leg. This year he is stronger than he ever was, and ought to make a very close race with Williams. His form in hurdling is beautiful; he skims over the sticks with a rapidity and skill that are not approached by any other athlete. He is captain of the college athletic team this year, and has put the men in better shape than they have been in in many years. He has won 23 first prizes in Columbia College games, and in all about 75 prizes.

Victor Mapes is a couple of years younger than Herbert, and weighs 150 lbs. He has devoted himself entirely to sprinting and broad-jumping, showing first class in the former and championship form in the latter. In '88 won his college broad jump, 21 feet 2½ inches. Took third place same year in Intercollegiates with 20 feet—rainy day—Shearman winning first with 20 feet 8 inches. In spring of '89 he jumped 21 feet 9½ inches. Intercollegiates, same year, tied Shearman for first place at 21 feet 6 inches, and was beaten in jump off. Last year he was running 100 yards in about 10⅘, and his best running broad jump, made at the Intercollegiate Championships, was 21 feet 10¾ inches, where he took second to Dohm. This year, like his brother, he appears to be much stronger. Several times he has run in time equal to 10⅗ for the 100 yards, and in the Staten Island games he won the 100 in 10⅘ seconds from the half-yard mark. At the M. A. C. games recently he won the 100 yards in 10 seconds from 2½ yards, beating Cary. He has also shown greatly improved form in the broad jump, having done 22 feet 9¼ inches in his college games, when he also won the 220 in 22⅘ seconds. It is reported he will retire from athletics after this season, and if so, Columbia will lose one of her best and most desirable athletes.

Lloyd Collis is another Columbia man who is showing greatly improved form this year. Previous to the Intercollegiate Championships of '90 he had not attracted especial notice, though he had made some excellent performances for the novice that he was. Won the interscholastic walk in '88. In the intercollegiate games of '89 he walked unplaced. In the spring of last year he won the Columbia scratch walk, and in the Intercollegiate Championships he was disqualified, for running, when second, four yards from the tape, in a close and exciting race. During the past winter he has done a considerable amount of armory walking in handicap events, and this spring has developed greater speed than he ever showed. His best time up to date is 7.01⅘, made recently at the C. C. N. Y. games. He also won and broke the Columbia record at the college games in 7 minutes 4 seconds. He is walking strong and fair, and should make a good record for himself before the end of the season. He is twenty years of age, weighs 130, 5 feet 11 inches, and has won 32 prizes.

C. O. Wells was first heard of in the mile run at the New England Intercollegiate games of '89. He won this event in excellent time, but not good enough to give any warning of the surprise he was to make at the championship games a week later. He was a decided dark horse, and when on the homestretch he ran away from the leaders as though they were standing still, and finished in 4 minutes 29⅘ seconds, he took away the breath of collegians. In that same fall he ran second to A. B. George in the championship games in 4 minutes and 36 seconds, and finished in poor form. Last year he won the Intercollegiate mile again in 4 minutes 35⅗ seconds. This year, in what running he has done, he has not shown championship form, though winning the New England intercollegiate mile on the 27th in something over 4.40. It is a fact, however, that he appears never to be in his best form until he comes to New York for the Intercollegiate Championships.

Arthur Seymour Vosburgh is twenty-two years old, 5 feet 11¼ inches in height; in condition weighs 142 lbs. Started running in the spring of '88, and won the mile run, breaking the Columbia College record. In the fall of the same year again broke the record for the mile. Won the half mile at the S.I.A.C. games in 1 minute 58 seconds from the 30-yard mark, and was first in the mile run at the Orange Athletic Club games. In the same year, at the Intercollegiate, ran second to Downs in half-mile run, being beaten by a yard. Did not run the next year owing to ill health. At the Columbia College games this spring won the half-mile in 2 minutes 1 second, breaking the Columbia College record. Has won about 20 prizes.

C. W. W.

AMATEVR · SPORT

	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Amherst.	Winners.	Time and Distance.	Intercollegiate Record.
100 yards	..	..	8	..	..	Cary, '93 Vredenburgh, '92 Swain, '94	10 sec.	10⅕ sec.
220 yards	2	..	6	..	..	Cary, '93 Lee, '91 Vredenburgh, '92	21⅘ sec.	22⅕ sec.
440 yards	2	..	..	1	5	Shattuck, '92 Stead, '91 Langdon	49⅘ sec.	50 sec.
880 yards	..	5	2	1	..	Wright, '92 Turner, '93 Vosburgh	1.59⅕ sec.	1.57⅕ sec.
One-mile run	6	..	2	..	..	Carr, '93 Woodbridge, '93 Lowell, '92	4.34⅘ sec.	4.29⅘ sec.
120-yard hurdles	..	6	..	2	..	Williams, '91 Mapes, '92 Lyman, '94	15⅘ sec.	16⅕ sec.
220-yard hurdles	2	5	..	..	..	Williams, '91 Fearing, '93 Horton, '92	25⅕ sec.	25⅘ sec.
One-mile walk	1	..	2	5	..	Collis, '92 Ottley, '93 Endicott, '94	7.05⅗ sec.	7.06⅗ sec.
Two-mile bicycle	8	..	..	..	..	Taylor, '94 Pratt, '94 Davis, '91	6.13⅗ sec.	6.00⅗ sec.
High jump	8	..	..	..	..	Fearing, '93 Green, '92 Sherwin, '94	6 ft.	5 ft. 11¼ in.
Broad jump	3	..	..	5	..	Mapes, '91 Hale, '92 Green, '92	22 ft. 11¼ in.	22 ft. 6 in.
Pole vault	2	5	..	..	..	Ryder Sherwin, '94 Temple, '91	10 ft. 7¼ in.	10 ft. 7 in.
Hammer	7	..	1	..	..	Finlay, '91 Evins Jefferson, '92	107 ft. 7½ in.	98 ft. 6 in.
16-lb. shot	5	2	..	..	1	Finlay, '91 Elcock, '93 Alexander, '92	39 ft. 6¾ in.	40 ft. 9¼ in.
Tug of war	..	2	1	5	..	....	......	......
Total	46	25	22	19	6			

Cornell secured one point in the 220-yard hurdles, and Swarthmore one in pole vault. First place counts five points; second, two; and third, one.

WHEN THIS COLUMN SET FORTH two weeks ago that "notwithstanding the fact that Harvard is absolutely certain of winning first in the Intercollegiate Championships on the 30th, and by a larger score than that of any previous year," we were prepared to witness some extremely interesting contests and a few broken records. Who will say he expected to see ten new intercollegiate records established, and two of them world's records? Such a set of games has never been seen in this country. Every event, with the exception of the quarter-mile, when Shattuck ran away from the rest, was hotly contested to the very tape, the leaders finishing with very little distance between them. The summing up in this column two weeks ago, "It looks this year as though the score might run on the night of the 30th: Harvard, 45 to 50; Yale, 20; Columbia, 19; Princeton, 17; Amherst, 6," proved to be singularly close. Several points changed through the distribution of entries different from originally intended. Lee, for instance, remained out of the low hurdles, which gave first unquestionably to Yale. Princeton developed unexpected strength in the sprints, and captured two other points that Harvard had counted upon, and likewise sprung a sleeper in the half.

BY NO MEANS the least enjoyable feature of the day was the exceptionally business-like manner in which the games were run off. The lesson is a strong one, and shows the wisdom of having experienced officials. With W. B. Curtis as referee, S. J. Cornell as clerk of the course, and Malcolm W. Ford in charge of the field events, every assurance of despatch and thoroughness is given, for these three without doubt are the ablest officials in the country. To finish an Intercollegiate Championships before dark is an unusual occurrence, but to reach home in respectable season for dinner is indeed an unprecedented performance. There were fewer spectators than last year, owing undoubtedly to the uncertain condition of the weather; but as the day wore on, a happier one could not have been desired, except possibly by those who, anticipating a drenching, had gone out in heavy clothes and mackintoshes, and wished they had not when the sun poured down upon them. The track was in superb condition; in fact, it always is. The Berkeley Oval is, I think, about three years old, but there have probably been more records made on its track twice over than on any other in the country. It is a beautiful place, fashioned by nature's daintiest touch, and re-enforced by its owners, who are continually spending money upon it.

NO ONE FANCIED for a moment that Cary would have any difficulty whatever in winning the 100-yard dash, and for once the popular impression was correct, for he won, hands down, in 10 seconds, time which, announced a few years ago, would have created a sensation, but was accepted on Saturday as nonchalantly as you please, and without even a college cheer to give it greeting. There was a beautiful race in the second trials, to determine who should run in the final, between Vredenburgh, Swain, both of Princeton, and V. Mapes, Columbia. Mapes was looked upon by a great many equal to second, or at least third, in the 100 yards, but both the Princeton men were too much for him. Vredenburgh is running faster than he ever has, while little Freshman Swain has simply astonished every one. If he continues to improve at a rate equal to what he has shown in the past two months, he and Cary will run one, two in the sprints next year. Harvard was not "in it" in the shorter sprint. Hawes ran second to Swain in a trial heat, and Thompson finished third in the third heat, and behind Mapes, who was second. I did not see Cook, who did so well at Cambridge, but if he ran, he was lost.

THE 220-YARD FLAT, though the last event on the programme, every one remained to see. J. P. Lee had remained out of the low hurdles, at which he recently made the world's record of 24⅘ seconds, to run against Cary on the flat. It was a great race for about half the distance, but then Cary put on an astonishing burst of speed, and ran away from Lee, leaving him to fight out second honors with Vredenburgh, who was making an extremely good race, and running faster than he ever did before. Lee finally won, and little Swain was not very far back of Vredenburgh. Lee must have touched 22⅘ seconds. Cary's time, as announced by the referee, W. B. Curtis, was 21⅘ seconds.

THERE WERE FOUR TIMERS. Why there were, no one knows, except that it is one of those ridiculous cases where perverse athletic committees insist on doing what common-sense advises against. I by no means particularize the college committee; frequently we find four timers at club games, and it often creates embarrassment. However, on this occasion there were four—George Avery, C. C. Hughes, Charles A. Read, and W. H. Robertson—but a considerate Providence bamboozled one of them (Mr. Avery), and he started his watch before it had been inspected by the referee, and consequently his time was thrown out, in fact his watch was not looked at. Hughes's watch registered 21⅗; Read's, 21⅗; Robertson's, 21⅘. According to custom, the intermediate time was taken by the referee and announced officially. The American record was 22 seconds, and held by Wendell Baker; the world's record was 21⅗ seconds, and held by C. G. Wood, an Englishman, who made the record in London in '87. Cary's performance was remarkable. He is in fine form, and likely to make some more records on the European trip of the M.A.C. team.

THE QUARTER-MILE contained a surprise and a disappointment. The former consisted of the ease with which Shattuck, of Amherst, ran away from the field on the homestretch, winning in 49⅘ seconds. After his fine running at the New England Intercollegiate Championships on the 27th ult., where he won the 440 yards in 50⅕ seconds, the race on Saturday was conceded to him, but it was not believed he could leave so much daylight between him and the second man. The disappointment was in Roddy's showing; not that he should have done better, but that so good a man should have had such hard luck. In March Roddy was in splendid form, and ran a practice quarter in 50. Then he got sick, and altogether lost about two months; in fact has only been running again in the last two weeks. Under the circumstances he did well. Stead, Harvard, is to be congratulated. He took second after a nervy race, and if he had speed equal to his "sand," would make a great quarter-miler. Langdon, Columbia, also did well, better than any one expected. He is likely to be heard from next year. Wright, Harvard, of whom so much has been expected was fouled in his trial, and received a tumble that appeared to take all the heart out of him.

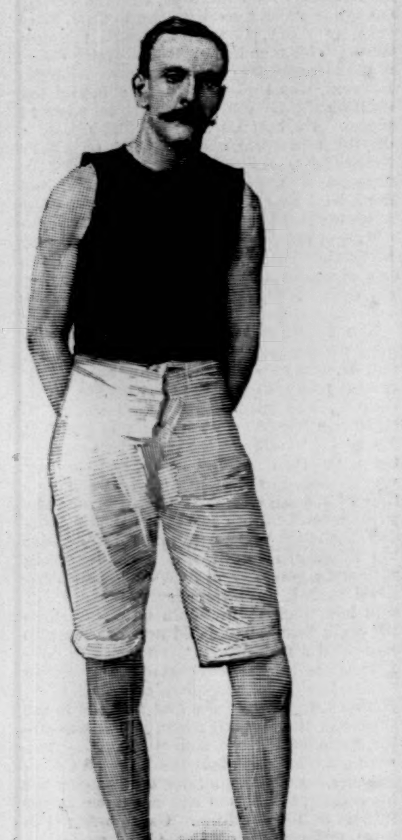
THE HALF-MILE demonstrated with what ease the sure things now and again go wrong. A. M. White, Harvard, had the race well in hand, but got too ambitious on the last turn into the stretch, and opened up a gap between him and the field that looked very nice, but just took out of him that reserve for the final effort, and he was run to a stand-still forty yards from home. At this point Wright, Yale, who was expected to make a very strong bid for first with White, found an unlooked-for rival in Turner, Princeton, and just managed to breast the tape ahead of him in 1.59⅕, Turner's being probably 1.59⅖, and Vosburgh, Columbia, third, in 1.59½. It was a grand race, and Turner was a surprise. No one had any idea he could touch two minutes. The mile furnished another Princeton surprise in Woodbridge, who ran strong enough to finish a close second to Carr, Harvard, in 4.34⅘, Lowell, Harvard, running third. This race demonstrated pretty clearly the inconsistency of performers. Nichols, Harvard, was looked upon to win, and led until on the homestretch, where he went to pieces. He beat Carr on the 23d ult. in a driving rain-storm, and did 4.35⅘ on a very heavy track. Lowell had done around 4.36. Hornbostel and Whitney, Columbia, had done 4.34 and 4.36. Wells, Amherst, who holds the record at 4.29⅘, dropped out at half-distance; and Woodbridge, who had not done better than in the neighborhood of 4.40, steps in and makes a close second. And yet they say there are sure things in athletics.

THE 120-YARD HURDLE was expected to be a very close race between Williams, Yale, and H. Mapes, Columbia, until the former ran his trial heat, apparently with the greatest ease, in 16 seconds; then the result seemed to be a foregone conclusion. In the final Mapes held Williams for about half the distance, but then he drew away, and running very strong, finished in the world's record time of 15⅘ seconds, with Mapes about two yards behind. With Lee out of the low hurdles, the event was a sure first for Williams; but Fearing, Harvard, made an interesting race and a good second to Williams, who finished in 25⅕, an intercollegiate record. I said last week there would be music when the walk began; but I did not anticipate so mournful a melody. Sixteen men started—four finished, the greater part of the remaining twelve having been disqualified. R. S. Hale, Harvard, was one of the first to retire to the shades of the dressing-room, which was unfortunate, for a close, soul-stirring race had been counted upon between him and Collis. Borcherling, Princeton, was doing nobly for his college, but he too was cut down in the fulness of his ambition. Gregg was not in form, and quit half-way. Collis walked in great form, and broke the intercollegiate record by finishing in 7.5⅗.

THE RUNNING BROAD JUMP was a walk-over for Victor Mapes, who did 22 feet 11¼ inches, and established a new record. Williams and Ramsdell both dropped out after one jump, the former being too tired to do himself justice, and the latter not being in any kind of form. Both A. H. Green, Harvard, and J. Hale, same university, showed good form, the former doing 21 feet 7½ inches, his best record, and taking third place, while Hale did 21 feet 11¾ inches, and took second. No one else was in it with these three. The running high was a Harvard affair, Fearing doing 6 feet, and Green and Sherwin each doing 5 feet 9 inches; they tossed up for second, and Green won. Church, of the University of Pennsylvania, cleared 5 feet 8 inches, but failed an inch higher. He jumps in beautiful form, extremely graceful, and ought to be able to do several inches higher with practice. The shot and hammer of course went to Finlay, Harvard. Elcock, Yale, was close enough in the former to make it interesting, doing 39 feet 3 inches to Finlay's 39 feet 6¾ inches; and in the hammer both Finlay and Evins, Harvard, broke the record with throws of 107 feet 7½ inches and 103 feet 4 inches, respectively. Jefferson didn't do as much as some expected he would, though he made a very good throw of 96 feet 1 inch. The pole vault was interesting for the persistency with which Ryder kept trying until he finally supplanted the old record, and made a new one of 10 feet 7¼ inches. Sherwin, Harvard, showed in excellent form, and did 10 feet 5½ inches. No one else was near these two. The tug of war was, of course, Columbia's.

THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, of New York, is to be congratulated on the prospects for its annual sweepstakes this year; or, rather, it might be said that the intelligent and sportsman-like management which has attended this annual event, and which raised it to immediate prominence as *the* race of the year from its inception three years ago, has borne its legitimate fruit. Of the ten racing "forty-six-footers" which have been built during the past winter, eight have already paid entrance fees for the "Sweep" (although the race does not take place until August 17th), while of the two remaining racing boats in the class, one has already applied (and we understand that there is a strong probability of the other also applying) to make a post entry. The entered boats, their owners, designers, and home ports, are: *Barbara*, C. H. W. Foster, Fife, Jun., Boston; *Beatrix*, C. A. Prince, Burgess, Boston; *Gloriana*, E. D. Morgan, Herrishoff, New York; *Jessica*, W. McDonough, Fife, Jun., New York; *Mineola*, A. Belmont, Burgess, New York; *Oweene*, A. B. Turner, Burgess, Boston; *Sayonara*, B. Thayer, Burgess, Boston; *Uvira*, R. B. Sands, Fife, Jun., Newport.

OF THE THREE FIFE BOATS, *Uvira* is somewhat smaller than the others, having an l. w. l. of only forty-three feet, and she probably loses something to the others in construction, having been built in England in the spring of '90, and coming over on her own bottom to Halifax, where she sailed last season, but had practically nothing to compete against. This year she has been bought by Mr. Sands, of Newport, who is reputed one of the best boat-sailers along our coast, and who, from his intimate local knowledge of waters, tides,



LUTHER H. CARY, PRINCETON.
220-yard Dash, 21⅘ Seconds.
World's Record.

etc., should, in the Newport "Sweep," do much to offset the boat's disadvantage of size and heavier construction. *Jessica*, as is well known, was built on the other side as a "twenty rater," and came out here last season, but suffered much from poor handling and lack of "kites," being built and canvased for the English twenty-rater class. This season, it is understood, she is to have a larger suit of canvas, and though she also has something to contend against in heavy construction, will do well.

"BARBARA," MR. FIFE'S THIRD and newest representative in the class, was built this spring by Lawley in Boston and *for the class;* in other words, is a water-line-length boat. Whether Fife will be able to show, under water-line-length rule, as good results as he has shown in *Dragon*, *Minerva*, and others under a "sailing length" rule, is an interesting question, which the "Sweep" may be looked forward to at least to partially elucidate. Herrishoff's single representative, *Gloriana*, is calculated to make one reluctant in predictions. She should be either an astonishing success or a lamentable failure. In view of her designer's well-known skill in constructing fast craft of all kinds, the probabilities are in favor of the former.

OF MR. BURGESS'S representatives it may be said that *Mineola* bears strong resemblance to *Mariquita*, and if sailed as hard and as well as *Mariquita* was last season, she should make a fair showing. Of the other two, *Sayonara* will carry the luck and good management of *Pappoose;* and *Oweene*, whose owner, Mr. Turner, is the Vice-Commodore of the Massachusetts Yacht Club, may be expected to render a good account of herself. *Beatrix*, the sole representative of the centre-board in the class, will carry as such a weight of responsibility. That Mr. Prince and Dr. Bryant will do all they can to meet the demands of the situation may be confidently expected, but if my belief that centreboards are not really available against keels until one reaches or exceeds a sixty-foot water-line is correct, I fear that she will not (even with Mr. Burgess's designing and her owner's care) do as well as very likely the same model would in a larger class.

IT IS TO BE EARNESTLY hoped that *Nautilus* (designed and built by Winteringham here in New York, and owned by Mr. Maxwell) and *Alborak* (from Mr. Paine's designing board) will both make post entries, as I understand they contemplate doing. The "Sweep" has been regarded as the representative race of the season for the racing class of the year, and justifiably so, from the value of the prize, the fairness of the test of every point of a boat's sailing powers afforded by the location and nature of the course (a triangle), the efficient management of the race, and the full representation of designers. It would therefore be a matter of great regret should the two at present lacking entries, being each the sole representative of two able designers in the racing class of the year, be missing when the starting-gun is fired. Particularly so because the Winteringham boat is said to resemble the Fife boats in general characteristics, while the Paine boat may be said to embody both General Paine's and his son's skill, and also their belief in "power," so called. As, therefore, exponents of such different theories, they should not be lacking when Burgess, Fife, and Herrishoff, with keel and centre-board, contend for the "blue ribbon" of the sea.

THE FINAL ACT of the Harvard Athletic Committee consisted in persuading Yale graduates to confer with them at Springfield last week, apologizing for the broken agreements, and stating they had just learned that the Harvard representatives did make the agreements held by Yale. These agreements this Harvard committee then proposed to carry out, provided Yale would make a dual league with them for *both base-ball and foot-ball, to continue for nine years*, neither side binding itself to play with Princeton! Comment is unnecessary.

THE PROSPECTS OF CANOEING, like those of about every other branch of out-door sport, seem to promise one of the most active and interesting of seasons. The first important event, and one that will be second only to the championship meeting later, is the joint regatta of the Marine and Field Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club in Gravesend Bay, Saturday, June 20th. There will be sailing and paddling events, and some of the best men in the country will very probably be seen. The tandem paddling race, particularly, will bring out Quick—the holder of the International Cup—and Simpson, Palmer and Douglas, Collins Brothers, Stewart and Fredericks, and Gessler Brothers. Fred Jones (Canada's champion), Butler of Lowell (one of the ablest canoeists in the country), Stevens, Vaux, Oxholm, Douglas, and Knappe have all signified their intention of being on hand, and that is quite enough to assure the best of sport. W. S. Elliott has the regatta in hand, which of itself is equal to writing it down a success. He gave us the best sport of last year in the Marine event.

BUFFALO HAD A HORSE SHOW, May 23d; that, notwithstanding the fact of its being restricted to members of the Buffalo County Club, put the Chicago show of last year to shame. There are a lot of thorough sportsmen in Buffalo, headed by George E. Laverack, the Hamlins, Dr. W. S. Tremaine, the Carys, W. A. Wadsworth, and J. L. Hunsicker, and in no city outside of New York and Boston could a better showing of horseflesh and traps generally be made. The hunter classes—naturally, too, for the sport is keen in Buffalo's vicinity—were as good as could be seen anywhere, while the tandem, saddle, and roadster classes were surprisingly good. Apropos of tandems, an excellent idea comes from Buffalo in the matter of judging. It is suggested that two prizes should be given in the tandem class—one for the turnout as a whole, and one for the most important part, the driving. It is in the latter where most entries fail. Many a tandem in the best of form has lost first through miserable driving to some much less pretentious turnout handled in workman-like manner.

CRICKET THIS YEAR is going ahead with a veritable boom. The season in Philadelphia opened most brilliantly, the Germantown players showing to more advantage than the other local clubs, whether serving on their own club or the 'varsity. Belmont scarcely showed to so good an advantage, for although it was successful in both matches against Haverford College, nearly one-half the runs made by its first eleven were hit off by its professional. The one redeeming feature of the Belmont playing was the wonderful bowling of the left-hander, A. E. Smith, who mowed down the Haverford wickets like grass. Comparing the chances of the two greatest Philadelphia clubs, Germantown is undoubtedly the most brilliant, and its reserve power greater than that of its opponents. Belmont has little more than its accomplished pair, A. M. Wood and A. E. Smith, to depend upon. How much can be accomplished by perfect discipline was proven last year, when Belmont snatched the prize from the most brilliant eleven ever gotten together in this country. Germantown should profit by the severe lesson it received last season. Even the finest material, lacking systematic practice and team-work, will often prove easy prey to a less skilful team working well together and properly captained.

THE INTERCITY CRICKET LEAGUE opened its season last Friday in Boston, with the local eleven against New York. This league is composed of seven cities, and these are divided into Eastern and Western divisions. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore compose the former, and Chicago, Detroit, and Pittsburg the latter. A great interest has been created in the game thereby, and much strength developed.

It is a pleasure to record the demise of both the American Plan and the Average System of scoring in Philadelphia; if now we can hear that the professionals are dropped in championship matches, the season will have begun most auspiciously.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE NAVAL MILITIA.

IT is a difficult task to make a new institution known in America, and there are still many persons unaware of the fact that a naval militia is in existence. The recognition of the fact that the navy requires a volunteer adjunct quite as much as the army dates back to Thomas Jefferson's time, but it is only in the last four years that any active measures have been taken in this country. European nations have long possessed volunteer corps of men trained in naval gunnery, and ready to be called into action at an hour's notice, but the apathy of this country in regard to its position as a power among nations has only lately been removed.

A naval militia—or naval reserve, as it is sometimes called—is designed to stand in precisely the same relation to the regular navy as the National Guard does to the army. It is a reserve corps of citizens drilled in the fighting tactics of men-of-war's men, and prepared to man the batteries of ships in case of an outbreak of hostilities. The pressing need of such a reserve corps may be gathered from the established fact that if war were declared to-morrow the regular navy would be hard pressed to supply full complements of men to all its existing ships, while there would be absolutely none ready to man such coasting steamers as might be armed and pressed into service. A battalion of naval militia, properly organized and drilled, would be competent to man a vessel at once.

The need of such volunteer sailors was finally perceived by Congress four years ago, and a bill was passed authorizing the various States to form naval battalions. The bill also planned the formation of a national reserve in which should be enrolled American steamers, together with captains, mates, other officers, and seamen. These men were to be known as the navigating reserve, their duties being the handling of the volunteer ships at sea. In all probability there will be some change in the details of this plan, for, as the naval militia is organizing, it will be thoroughly equipped, not only with fighting ability, but with skill in seamanship and navigation. It will therefore be able to handle its own ships, not simply act as a body of naval artillerists.

After the passage of the national law by Congress, the Legislatures of Massachusetts and New York passed bills authorizing the formation of battalions. The shipping men of this city took a warm interest in the matter; and Aaron Vanderbilt, who had been one of the members of the Board of Trade acting in aid of the project, called upon Philip B. Low, a well-known yacht and ship rigger, and a naval veteran of the war of the rebellion, to organize a battalion. Mr. Low at once began the enrolment of volunteers, keeping sharp eye to windward for young graduates of Annapolis to act as officers. A meeting of the enrolled men was held on October 28, 1889, at the armory of the Second Battery, and Mr. Low was elected Lieutenant-Commander, in accordance with the provisions of the law. Recruiting was carried on actively during the winter, and in February the battalion was given permission to drill aboard the old frigate *Minnesota*, then moored at the foot of West Twenty-second Street. It should be stated here that not only at that time, but at all times, the Navy Department at Washington showed its sympathy with the naval-militia project, and its readiness to aid it in every practical way.

In the following summer the *Minnesota* was taken to the Brooklyn Yard to be overhauled and transformed into an ark-like receiving-ship. The First Battalion of Naval Militia was thus left without a home. An inconvenient and expensive room uptown, on the east side, was hired, and the little body of men, now numbering only 75 active members out of a required number of 320, began work on the infantry tactics in which every ship's company has to be drilled. In the course of the winter of 1890–1 the yachting fraternity, which had hitherto held aloof from the project, became interested in it. The result was the formation of the Naval Reserve Association, an organization having for its object the aiding of all good naval-reserve enterprises in this city. Negotiations were at once opened between this body and the already existing battalion, looking toward a consolidation. The accomplishment of this was made easy by Lieutenant-Commander Low's growing conviction that his business would not permit him to devote sufficient attention to the battalion. He therefore advised the members of his command to consolidate with the association, and, after his resignation, to elect J. W. Miller, who had been designated by the association, to command its first battalion. One stormy night in March the battalion, after completing its weekly drill aboard the *Minnesota*, now moored at the foot of West Fiftieth Street, carried out the plan suggested by Mr. Low, and Mr. Miller became Lieutenant-Commander, bringing into the battalion with him a goodly number of recruits who had joined the association. The staff and division officers of the battalion, of course, resigned with Mr. Low, but were all reappointed, with some changes in rank, by the new commander.

Lieutenant-Commander Jacob W. Miller was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in the class of 1868, and served with distinction for nearly twenty years. Among other tours of duty, he was at one period in charge of the artillery drills of the cadets at Annapolis. He resigned from the navy four years ago to accept the position of president of the Providence and Stonington Steam-ship Company. He is a thorough disciplinarian, and is determined to make his battalion one of the model organizations of the city and State. His adjutant is George E. Kent, adjutant under Mr. Low, a graduate of Annapolis, and for several years an officer in the service. The senior division commanders have not all been appointed yet, so that the roster at present reads as follows: First Battery—lieutenant, junior grade, S. Dana Greene, Jun.; Second Battery—lieutenant commanding, W. Butler Duncan, Jun.; lieutenant, junior grade, Washington Irving; Third Battery—lieutenant, junior grade, Louis M. Mowbray; Fourth Battery—lieutenant, junior grade, R. M. Forshew. All of these officers are Annapolis men.

The battalion has adopted for a drilling costume the working suit of the regular navy. This consists of white canvas trousers and leggings, white canvas shirt with rolling collar, knife lanyard and knife, black silk neckerchief, and round white canvas hat. Clad in these costumes, with their officers in undress uniform and swords, the members of the battalion are at work every Friday night, learning the stations of the six-inch gun's crew, the calls for boarders, riflemen, firemen, and pumpmen, cutlass drill, and infantry tactics. The organization is about to be mustered into the State service, when it will be entitled to some substantial aid from Albany. Already Congress has passed an appropriation of $25,000 for arms and equipments for the naval reserve, to be divided among those organizations enrolled before July 1st. This will mean the New York and Boston battalions.

The naval battalion will be required to drill once a week for six months in the fall, winter, and spring, and in the summer to embark for one week's service aboard a man-of-war. The men will learn to load and fire the modern high-powered guns, and the various kinds of machine-guns and revolving cannon employed in secondary batteries aboard-ship. They will be called upon to land and operate as a naval brigade, and also to perform boat service, near and distant. They will learn all about torpedo warfare and naval signalling. In short, they will be gradually trained to perform all the duties of a modern war ship's crew, so that it can safely be said that the naval militia offers a service rich in variety and novelty. The First Battalion, it may be noted in conclusion, is composed of excellent material, and its officers are men who know their old profession thoroughly. The headquarters of the organization, at No. 9 West Twenty-ninth Street, are open all day, and recruiting is still going on. As soon as the First Battalion is full, which will be in a few days, it is probable that applications will be received for membership in a second. The social side of the existing battalion will be of some importance, and the character of the membership rivals that of the Seventh Regiment.

W. J. HENDERSON.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

THE COFFEE EXCHANGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

IMPORTS of coffee into the United States of America in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, reached the grand total of 578,397,454 pounds, of which 17,265,354 pounds were exported, leaving 561,132,100 pounds, valued at $72,139,897, for domestic consumption. These figures give 8.69 pounds to every man, woman, and child constituting the population of the country. This amount, at the average price of 18.3 cents per pound, implies a cost of $1 59 to each individual—a sum comparatively small, but very significant as indicating the dietetic tastes of the nation and the pecuniary resources of its members. The annual review of the coffee trade in the *Report* (1889–90) *of the New York Chamber of Commerce* gives the total consumption by Europe and the United States in 1889 at 616,577 tons. Of this aggregate Europe received 382,535 tons, or 62 per cent.; and the United States 234,042 tons, or 38 per cent. In the calendar year 1890 American imports fell below those of 1889 to the extent of 23,000 tons. Statistical data exhibit the importance of coffee to the commerce of the world. In round numbers, the yearly crop exceeds eleven thousand million pounds, and is worth from first hands not less than $135,000,000.

New York, agreeably to one report, as the principal *entrepôt*, received 455,979,016 pounds, worth $58,860,319; Boston, 1,572,663 pounds, worth $277,425; Philadelphia, 42,876 pounds, worth $9253; Baltimore, 47,003,879 pounds, worth $5,548,701; and all other ports of the United States, 73,799,020 pounds, valued at $10,290,184, in the fiscal year 1888–9. Increase of receipt and consumption has been remarkably rapid since 1870, when, out of a total arrival in the United States of 235,256,574 pounds, valued at $24,234,879, New York received 121,449,998 pounds, valued at $12,578,223. The national receipt has increased nearly 246 per cent., and that of New York over 375 per cent., within the past twenty years.

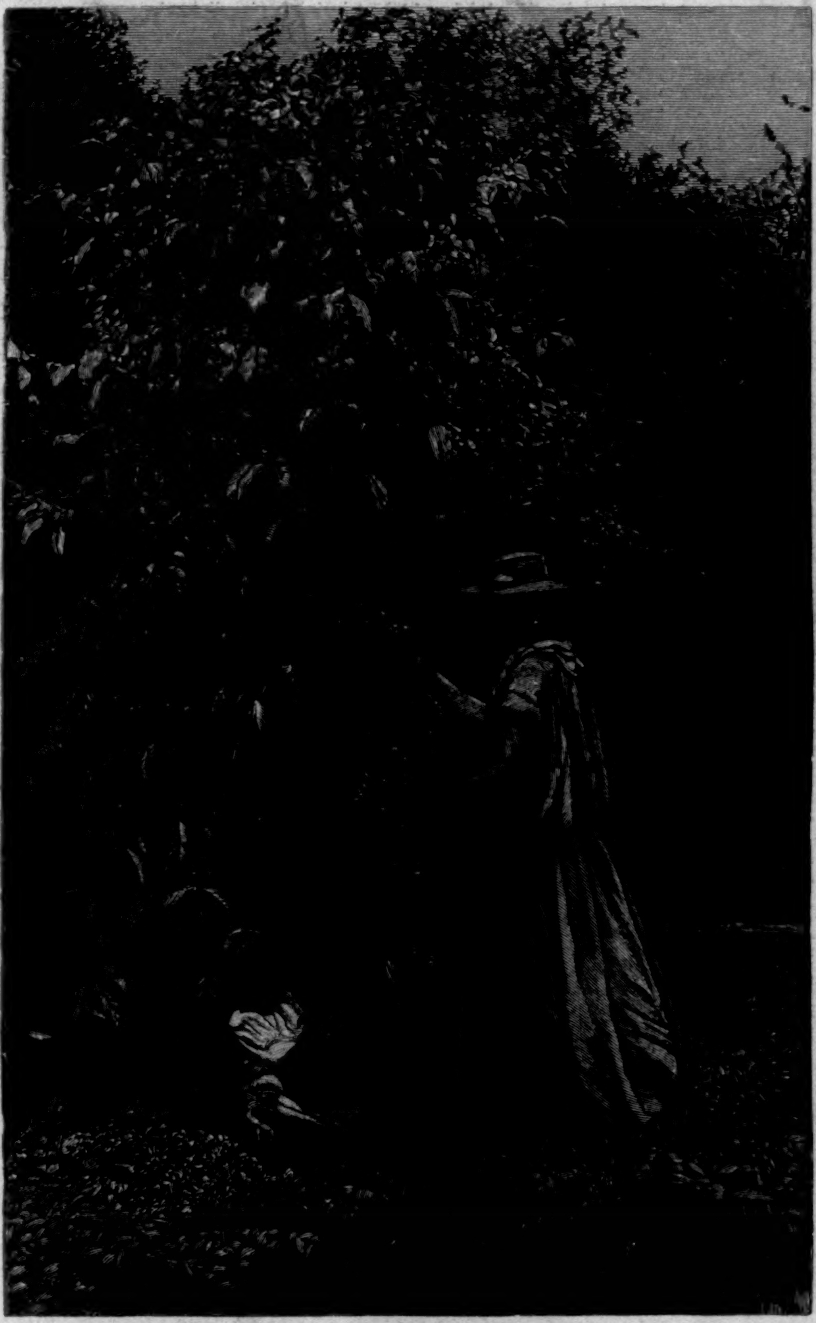
The receipts of coffee at San Francisco for the calendar year 1889, exclusive of 3365 packages shipped to the Pacific coast from New York and New Orleans, were 20,797,938 pounds, against 24,212,539 in 1888, and 18,629,135 in 1886, and were from Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, Manila, Ceylon, Java, the Sandwich Islands, and other countries.

While coffee (*Coffea arabica*) now figures as one of the most considerable economic products, its use as an article of food in civilized countries is of comparatively recent origin. In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee-plant is indigenous, the people have been accustomed to decoctions from its berries from time immemorial. There the Arabs first tasted the fragrant draught; and, highly delighted therewith, transported some of the precious beans to their own country about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In Arabia the new exotic flourished luxuriantly, and, strangely enough, entered into the occasions of religious controversy. Legend reports that a devout Moslem, who had heard of the wakeful effect produced upon browsing goats by its foliage, resolved to try what influence a brewing from its berries might have upon the somnolent dervishes who nonchalantly fell asleep during protracted services. The result was magical. Drowsy laymen followed their example. Coffee became the national beverage of the faithful. Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca carried beans to all lands whence they had come. Egypt soon rejoiced in coffee-houses, and in Constantinople (A.D. 1554) they acquired instant popularity. Mosques were overshadowed by them. Quickened wits of drinkers suggested intoxication to the religious, and political insubordination to the civil, authorities. The former denounced the dangerous resorts, and the latter shut them up. But the beverage triumphed. Prohibition did not prohibit.

In Cairo (1523) the Governor gravely listened to all the erudite arguments against coffee, served it out to the rancorous opponents, and left his seat without saying a word. He was wise. The masterful drink estopped discussion forever. In 1652 coffee entered England from Smyrna, whence it was brought by Edwards, an English merchant doing business with Turkey. He was wont to regale his friends with the delicious liquid, prepared by the skilful hands of Pasqua Rossie, his Greek servant. But visitors increased too numerously. Hospitality became burdensome. Peace and pocket cried out for relief. Edwards established his man in a coffee-house at Newman's Court, Cornhill, London. Twenty-three years after this event coffee-houses were the favorite haunts of wits and politicians "for discussing, theorizing, and general wagging of tongue." Coffee and criticism were cronies. Therefore the phosphorescent Charles II. and his courtiers, wincing under the "slanderous attacks upon persons in high stations," would fain have suppressed coffee-houses as "hot-beds of seditious talk" and public nuisances. They failed to do so. The revolution of 1688 followed. The victorious institution survived the Stuart dynasty, and attained the zenith of activity and splendor in the first half of the next century.

Thevenot, the French traveller, on his return from the Orient in 1658, treated his guests to after-dinner coffee. To Parisians this was merely an eccentricity, that would not have become fashionable but for a similar example set by Soliman Aga, the gallant Turkish ambassador, in 1669. He enlisted the enthusiasm of court ladies in favor of the black and bitter liquor. Philosophers and *littérateurs* gladly gave in their adhesion. Boileau, La Fontaine, Molière, Voltaire, and the encyclopedists, together with the chess-players, found inspiration in the coffee-houses, which thenceforward assumed conspicuous position in the social life of Gallic cities. "Racine and coffee will pass," is a prediction of Madame de Sévigné as yet most unlikely of fulfilment.

Germans began drinking coffee during the Seven Years' War (1756–63), stolidly scoffed at opposition to the practice, and hated Napoleon all the more for restricting it by his "Continental Blockade." Universal peace was accompanied by universal indulgence in the exhilarating cup. Americans took kindly to its contents, and by constantly enlarging demand imparted powerful impetus to coffee commerce and culture. Rise in prices during the great civil war "diminished the consumption about two hundred thousand tons." But for that it is asserted that "the world would not have had coffee enough." Demand rose with every Union victory, and fell with every Union defeat. Consumption increased 36.84 per cent. in 1864, 17.5 per cent. in 1865, 23.5 per cent. in 1866, and 27.25 per cent. in 1867. Removal of duties and financial prosperity increased the call for the aromatic berry, and advance in price because of short crops or syndicate operations diminished it. The coffee-cup is a business thermometer in the United States.



PICKING COFFEE.

In contrast with American consumption, at the average rate of 8.69 pounds per inhabitant (7.21 in 1883), is that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which is 0.9; France, 3.2; Germany, 5.2; Russia, 0.4; Austria, 2.2; Italy, 1.1; Belgium, about 9; Holland, about 18; Scandinavia, 5.2; and Brazil, 14 pounds in the same year.

The countries whence the enormous supply of coffee received in New York is drawn are all situated between the 30th parallels of north and south latitude. Yemen, in South Arabia, was the original centre of the coffee culture, and for about two centuries yielded the world's entire supply. Mokha, or Mocha, a little provincial town on the coast of the Red Sea, about 120 miles from Aden, was the port through which coffee grown in the interior was exported, and bestowed its name upon the product itself. Sheik Sadali, the mythical patron saint, was at once the founder of the city and the father of the coffee trade. Aden, situated on a rocky peninsula on the south coast of Arabia, is now the point of shipment. Thither the coffee raised in the neighborhood of Sanaa is transported in the most primitive of packages. About seven thousand camel-loads entered the town in 1875–6. Other quantities were shipped to it by native trading-vessels from various points on the coast. Within the same period about half the quantity exported from Mocha went to France. Exports are said to have declined 60 per cent. within the past forty years. How many of the 13,915 bags (according to one report) or bales of so-called Mocha arriving at New York in 1889 were really from Yemen is a question that W. G. Palgrave, who travelled and resided in that region, is regarded by many as most competent to answer. He affirms that if the particle "not" were prefixed to the word "Mocha" on labels of coffee offered for sale, the two would have vastly more "truthy import" than the labels as they now are. Very few indeed of the Yemen berries now find their way westward of Constantinople. Arabia, Syria, and Egypt consume two-thirds of the crop, and the remainder almost wholly passes down the œsophagi of Turks and Armenians. These last do not get the best and purest grains, which have been carefully picked out *en route* by experienced fingers, the process beginning with the first stages of the radiating mart. What is known as Mocha is principally the produce of India and several sections of Africa. Much of it is "the result of the mysteries of the mixing process," familiar to Front Street, New York. The small beans (pea-berries) of the Brazilian plant found at the summits of the branches, one bean instead of two being in each pod, and assuming rounded or aborted shapes because of the absence of a proper companion, resemble genuine Mocha. The Costa Rica pea-berry, grown upon Mocha shoots, is also a very fine coffee, and is often sold for Mocha, but differs from it in size, color, and flavor. One celebrated Front Street berry-mixer is reported to have sold his pea-berries as Mocha for a long period, and when at length, in an unwonted access of honesty, he actually sold the genuine article, his customers indignantly repudiated it as an imposture.

Real Mocha is undoubtedly imported, usually by way of England, and may be obtained by those who will pay the price set upon it. Richly aromatic when freshly roasted, it is of somewhat pungent or acrid flavor, and has heavier body than the Java. The United States prefers the smaller and Europe the larger beans. Merchandise, mainly coffee, to the value of £227,649, passed from the interior of Arabia to Aden within the last reported year. Of the Mocha exported, about one-fourth is said to go to London, one-fourth to Marseilles, one-fourth to other destinations, and one-fourth to New York. Seven hundred and eleven tons arrived at the latter port in 1881; 2039 in 1886; 1085 in 1887; 1489 in 1888; and 1093, in 15,308 bundles of 160 pounds each, in 1889. About 20,000 bundles arrived between January 1 and August 1, 1890.

Not until the year 1690, nearly three-quarters of a century after the foundations of the American republic were laid, did the cultivation of the coffee-plant extend beyond the limits of Arabia. In that year Governor Van Hoorne, of the Dutch East Indies, planted a few seeds brought by traders between Arabia and Java in a Batavian garden, where they grew so luxuriantly as to provide the material for culture, by the forced labor of the natives, on an extended scale. Plants were introduced from Malabar in 1696. Production in Dutch India, Java, Sumatra, and Celebes reached the total of 1,244,107 peculs, or 174,174,980 pounds, in 1886. Java coffee, next to Mocha, holds the highest place in the estimation of the American people, and commands the highest price. Much of what passes under the name of Java is of Sumatran growth, but is none the worse for that. In fact, Sumatra coffee is generally preferred to that of Java by American connoisseurs. "Old government Java" is coffee raised under the supervision of the government, which buys the entire product at a low price, and sells it at public auction through the Maatschappy, or Netherlands Trading Company, either in Batavia, Padang, or Amsterdam. The last corporation established an agency at New York in January, 1879. May (1890) estimates of the last Java crop reach the total of 885,000 peculs, or 123,900,000 pounds; of the Padang (Sumatra) crop, 86,000 peculs, or 12,040,000 pounds; of the Celebes (Macassar), 74,000; and of the Manila, 23,300 peculs. The dark yellowish-brown shade of the Java and Sumatra bean governs in great measure its commercial value. It is also considerably larger than that of other kinds of coffee, excepting the Liberian. Age is usually held to improve its quality. Singapore Java is coffee raised in the small islands of Netherlands India and the Philippine Islands. Twenty-six tons were received at New York in 1889 from Manila, 7438 from Java and Sumatra, none from Singapore, and 1080 from Macassar.

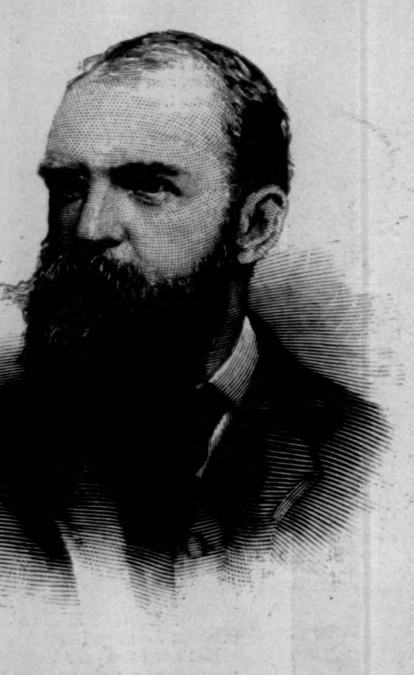
One of the first coffee-plants grown in Java was sent to Holland and planted in the Botanic Garden at Amsterdam. Young plants from its seeds were forwarded to Surinam, Dutch Guiana, where cultivation was established in 1718. Production from its descendants in 1887 amounted to 6688 kilograms, or 14,713 pounds.

The island of Ceylon in 1888 had 104,000 acres under coffee cultivation, less by over 200,000 acres than in 1877. Exports of the product were valued at 7,729,242 rupees (rupee, about 33 cents), or $2,550,649, of which the United Kingdom received a quantity worth £434,704, and the United States

232 tons, worth $70,806. Coffee exported in 1873 reached the sum of 111,495,216 pounds. Decrease is due to *Hemeleia vastatrix*, a fungoid organism that causes leaf disease, and a pest that devastates the plantations of Java and other countries, with which no Pasteur has yet been able to cope. The Plantation Ceylon bean is very heavy, more solid than the best Rio, scrupulously clean, and of equal size; that of the Native Ceylon is light, spongy, varying in color from white to yellow, and of unequal size. Decoction from roasted Plantation is of heavier body than that of Java, and ranks in flavor with the finest of mild coffee.

India, as stated in the latest reports, had 354,331 acres occupied by coffee plantations, of which 82,100 were in Mysore, 56,333 in Madras, and 61,422 in Coorg; 117,894 acres were producing the fragrant berries, of which those exported in the year ending March 31, 1889, had the value of 18,842,430 rupees, or $6,218,001. The United Kingdom obtained a portion of them equal to £888,051. Whether any of the number were included in the 5455 tons landed at New York, and credited to European nations other than Holland, in 1889, does not appear in the ordinary literature of the trade. Production in Mysore has been seriously affected by the fungus denominated *Pellicularia kolerota*, which covers the injured leaves with a slimy gelatinous film, under which they turn black and quickly drop off, as do also the clusters of coffee-berries.

Africa bids fair to become an important factor in coffee commerce. The coffee-plant *Coffea liberica*, indigenous to the hot moist lowlands of Liberia, differs somewhat from the *Coffea arabica*. It is more prolific, and its berries are of varying size, not infrequently from an inch to one and an eighth inches in length, while those of the *Arabica* rarely exceed half an inch. The fruit, when ripe, has not the bright red color of the Arabian, nor does it drop from the tree; flavor is good, and doubtless susceptible of improvement by skilful cultivation. In 1873 the first Liberian coffee-plants were set out in Ceylon by L. St. George Carey. There, in Brazil, and in other coffee-growing countries it may thrive on lowlands unsuited to its Arabian congener. New York received 5882 bags of African coffee in 1889.



JAMES H. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT.

In 1728, or possibly in 1720, the rubiaceous exotic was introduced into the West India islands. Thence it spread through all civilized sections of the tropics in the New and Old worlds. The progeny of that single prolific plant transported from Java to Holland now yields more fruit than is produced by all other coffee-plants on the surface of the globe. One of its cuttings surreptitiously procured for the Botanic Garden at Paris expanded into a vigorous tree. From this a slip was conveyed by Declieux to Martinique, where it found congenial soil, and whence its descendants emigrated to the fields of Guadeloupe, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, the Lesser Antilles, Central America, and Brazil. Unequal fortunes have followed their movements. Cuba, which in 1842 exported 15,710 tons, does not now produce sufficient for local consumption. Jamaica in 1888 had 17,462 acres under coffee cultivation, and exported products valued at £321,440. New York in 1889 received 4290 tons therefrom. Soil and climate store up largely of essential oils and secretions in the fragrant bean, and invest it with superior value. In color, the best Jamaica coffee is darker (bluish-gray) and bluer than that of Ceylon, and the beans are smaller.

Trinidad devotes 43,360 acres to the culture of cacao and coffee. Haiti exported 49,811,781 pounds in 1887. Santo Domingo, the Spanish portion of the island, also raises much coffee. From both divisions New York received 7497 tons in 1889. Rapid political changes and severe hurricanes retard the development of the plantations, and detract from carefulness of cultivation and preparation of product for the market. The bean is larger than the Rio, varies in color, and is sometimes classed with white coffee. Porto Rico sent 110 tons to New York in 1889. Spain and Italy are its chief customers, and prize the "hidey" taste of the mild decoction obtained from its greenish beans. The average annual crop of the West Indies is about 950,000 bags, or 125,400,000 pounds.

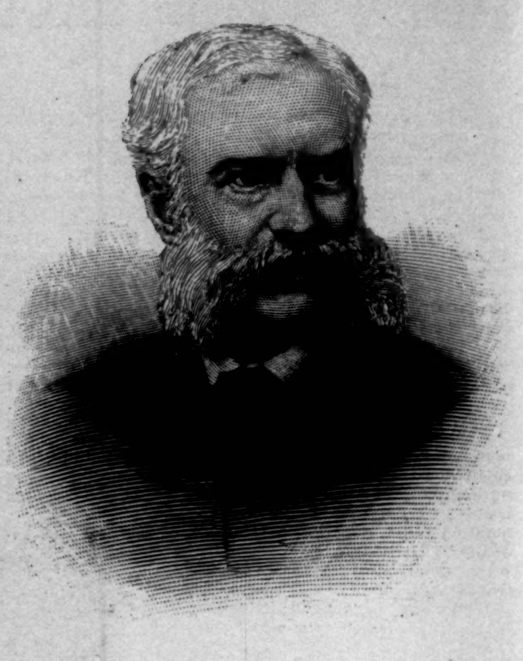
Central America, split up into independent jarring states, unable to co-operate in federative union, is one in its devotion to the raising of coffee. That raised on its romantic highlands possesses delicate aroma and drinking qualities equalling if not surpassing those of Java and Mocha. Costa Rica in 1888 exported 10,258 tons, valued at 4,742,000 pesos, or about $4,500,000; 6025 tons, worth £440,000, went to Great Britain, and 3175 tons, valued at £214,760, to the United States. The beans differ in shape from those of Rio or Java; color varies from a dark to a light grayish-green. F. B. Thurber, in his exhaustive volume on *Coffee—from Plantation to Cup*, says that "when roasted it has a heavier body than Java or Maracaibo, possessing a fine rich flavor considered by experts as equal to the finest kinds grown." Guatemala in 1888 exported coffee worth $6,595,181, and San Salvador to the value of $4,236,180. Nicaragua and Honduras are exporters on smaller scale. The Guatemala bean varies in color from a dark to a bluish-green; the Salvador is of yellow tint, and has a very sweet smell; and that of Honduras has a mottled appearance. Diversity of soil and of methods of cultivation and preparation go far to account for variations of appearance and quality. Receipts of Central American coffee at New York in 1889 aggregated 8550 tons.

Previous to the year 1880 about 70,000 coffee-trees were planted in the Chiriqui district of the state of Panama. Mexico owns enormous areas of land whose soil, climate, altitude, and atmospheric conditions are peculiarly adapted to coffee-growing. Its product in 1888 was valued at $3,200,000. Thirty-one thousand six hundred and eighteen bags were marketed at New York in 1889. The beans grown on the coast are light and spongy; on the mountains, hard and flinty. The latter are small, and of greenish hue. Some of those from Cordova are larger, and usually green; others large and white, and known as Mexican Java. Colima, on the west coast, produces the Tepic bean, which somewhat resembles the small flinty Mocha, and sells for a high price.

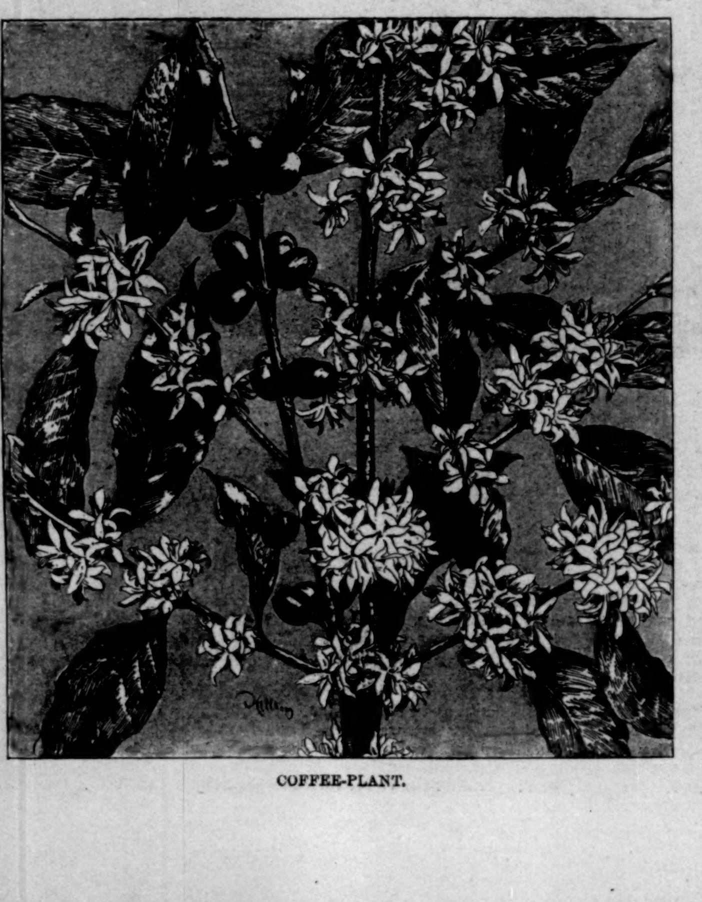
Savanilla coffee, ranking in quality and value above Maracaibo, to the amount of 4832 tons arrived at New York in 1889. This was grown in the United States of Colombia, of which coffee is the chief crop. In common with nearly all the commerce of the country, it passes through the town of Barranquilla, on a cañon of the river Magdalena, to the seaport of Savanilla, from which it receives its name. Great Britain in 1888 was also a purchaser, to the extent of £173,399. Angostura is a large spongy coffee raised in the United States of Venezuela, of which New York received 319 tons in 1889. Size of consignment is measure of popular favor. Maracaibo to the aggregate of 18,652, and La Guayra of 12,113 tons, also arrived from the same South American republic. Two-thirds of the coffee exported by Colombia and Venezuela are absorbed by the United States of America. Maracaibo is a generic term for several varieties of coffee, greenish in color when first gathered, but assuming a yellow tint near the close of the crop season. The finer sorts are regarded by many as equal to the best Java. Finely aromatic when freshly roasted, they are often sold, pure or mixed, as Java. Good Venezuela coffee is of light bluish-green color, and peculiar aroma. The beans are of equal size and shape. La Guayra is of Venezuelan growth and various qualities, of which the best is shipped to the United States.

Small quantities of coffee are grown along the eastern coast of Africa—in Abyssinia, the Somauli country, Mozambique, Natal, and in the islands of Madagascar and Mauritius. In the British Niger territories on the western coast considerable plantations of coffee have been started, and a botanic garden established under the supervision of gardeners from Kew. Experiments are also in progress by the French in Gaboon Congo. In Australasia and in many islands of Oceanica coffee is raised for local use. On the west coast of South America—in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia—plantations are found, but the export of products is inconsiderable. What portions, if any, of the 1645 tons of coffee imported by New York from Holland in 1889 are from these several regions is not published. Wherever the bamboo flourishes, there, it is said, the coffee-tree will thrive. Florida even has made some humble beginnings, and California, it is suggested, may profit by the example.

Last, but not least, of the sources of our national coffee supply is the colossal republic of Brazil. It is specially adapted to coffee production, and annually yields more of the favorite berries than all other localities combined. Of the entire New York import in 1889, 59.45 per cent. was from that country. There coffee dries rapidly and without fermenting when spread upon the ground. New machinery and improved processes are employed in its culture and preparation for the market. Steam and electricity are pressed into its service. It is the principal factor of national prosperity. In 1722 a solitary coffee-plant was carried from the French colony of Cayenne to Pará, in the Amazon district. Thence its offshoots passed to Maranhão, and thence in 1774 to Rio. There they throve wonderfully. Brazil in 1820 exported 14,000,000 pounds of their fruit; in 1860, over 140,000 tons, or 280,000,000 pounds; in 1872, more than 2,000,000 bags of 160 pounds each, or 320,000,000 pounds. Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics* reports the coffee acreage in 1880 at a round 2,000,000, with 800,000,000 trees—an average of 400 to the acre—each yielding about one pound per annum. The industry employed about 800,000 hands; 330,000 tons of coffee were gathered, and their value estimated at over $110,000,000. The provinces of Espiritu Santo, São Paulo, and Minas-Geraes are the principal centres of production, the value of their yield in 1887 being $13,366,000. Exports in 1886–7 (one year) were valued at 187,000,000 milreis (milreis, about 54 cents), or $100,980,000. The abolition of slavery in the empire, under decree of emancipation by the government, on May 13, 1888, caused far less embarrassment to the coffee industry than might have been apprehended. In this year Great Britain was a buyer to the extent of £491,622 against £1,096,395 in 1887. About one-third of the entire Brazilian product exported goes to the United States of America, one-third to France, and the remaining third to Germany, England, and other countries. In 1889 New York received 2,076,370 bags, or 122,140 tons—Rio de Janeiro contributing 1,356,851, Santos 704,334, Victoria 13,000, Bahia 1381, and Ceará 804 bags—or 59.45 per cent. of the entire metropolitan import. In the twelve months ending July 1, 1890, New York received 2,113,671 bags out of a total national importation from Brazil of 2,483,848 bags; Europe within the same period purchasing 6,215,600 bags.



JOHN F. SCOTT, TREASURER.



COFFEE-PLANT.

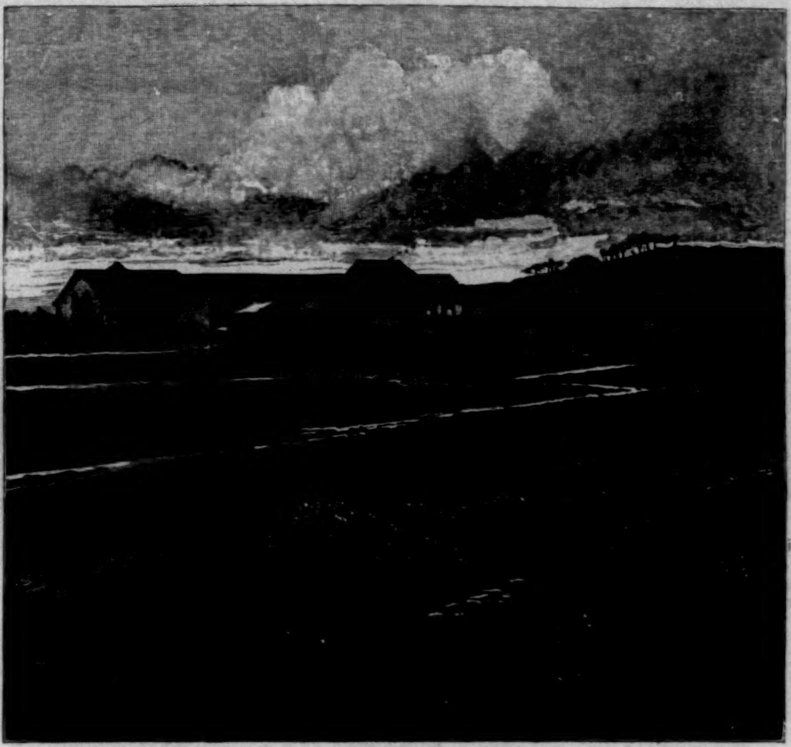
Professor Agassiz stated that "a great deal of the best produce of Brazilian plantations is sold under the name of Java or Mocha." This may be true of the Santos coffee, which is free from the rank and peculiar flavor of the Rio export. Brazilian coffee varies greatly in color and size. Most of the Rio beans are small, with color from light to dark green. Some have a yellow hue. Large quantities are artificially colored to meet specific requests—Chicago, for example, demanding light green; St. Louis, dark green; Cincinnati, yellow; and Texas, the darkest shades.

William Scott's Son & Co., of New York, present a somewhat different report of metropolitan coffee receipts in 1889 from that extracted from the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce and detailed above. It is as follows:

		Receipts.	Sales.	Sales, tons.
Rio	Bags	1,919,296	2,654,479	156,146
Santos	"	795,810		
Ceará	"	804	804	48
Bahia	"	1,562	1,919	113
Sumatra	Mats	273,869	226,332	6,287
Java	"	6,248	4,248	2,141
Java	Bags	34,063	33,563	
Macassar	Mats	39,249	37,849	1,052
Singapore	Bags	......	......	......
Ceylon	Casks	4,016	4,016	1,177
African	Bags	5,944	5,944	350
Mocha	Bales	15,308	15,308	1,093
Manila	Bags	1,564	1,564	98
Maracaibo	"	332,514	312,929	17,885
La Guayra	"	205,620	192,763	10,709
Savanilla	"	80,802	85,351	4,742
Angostura	"	4,692	4.812	267
Jamaica	"	22,529	23,580	2,948
Haiti	"	16,551	16,551	1,034
Porto Rico	"	1,352	1,629	135
Central America	"	248,439	244,813	15,301
Mexico	Bales	112,103	109,478	9,340
				230,366

Figures differ, but the facts prove that all roads, by land or water, lead to the metropolis of the New World.

Trade in these enormous quantities of coffee is primarily conducted, for the most part, by members of the Coffee Exchange of the City of New York, situated at No. 53 Beaver Street, the ancient quarters of the New York Stock Exchange, whither they removed in 1889 from primitive accommodations in Beaver and Pearl streets. Organized in 1882 to distribute dealings over the year, impart greater steadiness to prices, prevent corners, and equalize profit and loss, the Exchange was incorporated by act of the State Legislature on June 2, 1885. Authorized to hold and control real estate to the value of $500,000, it owns the property known as Nos. 66, 68, and 70 Beaver Street and 113 and 117 Pearl Street, having a superficial area of about 7800 square feet, conveniently situated with reference to business in other great commercial centres, and costing $230,532. Building thereon, including all the modern conveniences that architectural art provides, is for the present postponed.



DRYING COFFEE.

The purposes of the Exchange are the purchase and sale of coffee and other grocery articles; adjustment of controversies between members; establishment of just and equitable principles in trade, of uniform rules, standards of classification; dissemination of business information, and facilitation of commerce. These purposes it aims to accomplish by rules and regulations, whose administration is intrusted to the usual corps of officers and committees. President James H. Taylor wields powers and discharges duties common to officials of like character. Vice-President Aubrey Bennett enters on presidential functions in case of disability on the part of the chief. George Drakeley is the alert and efficient secretary. Treasurer John F. Scott is a paid official, under bond for the faithful performance of duty. The Board of Managers, of which the principal officers are *ex officio* members, meets monthly, and oftener if need be; approves presidential nomination of the secretary, superintendent of the Exchange, and standing committees; appoints special committees, hears reports, and decides questions by a majority vote. Superintendent R. St. G. Walker takes charge of the details of all work; systematically keeps the books and documents; collects moneys due to the Exchange and pays to the treasurer; receives, deposits, and pays over margins on contracts; has charge of the rooms, bulletins, and statistics; appoints his own assistants, reports to the Board of Managers, and is largely responsible for the orderly working of the institution.

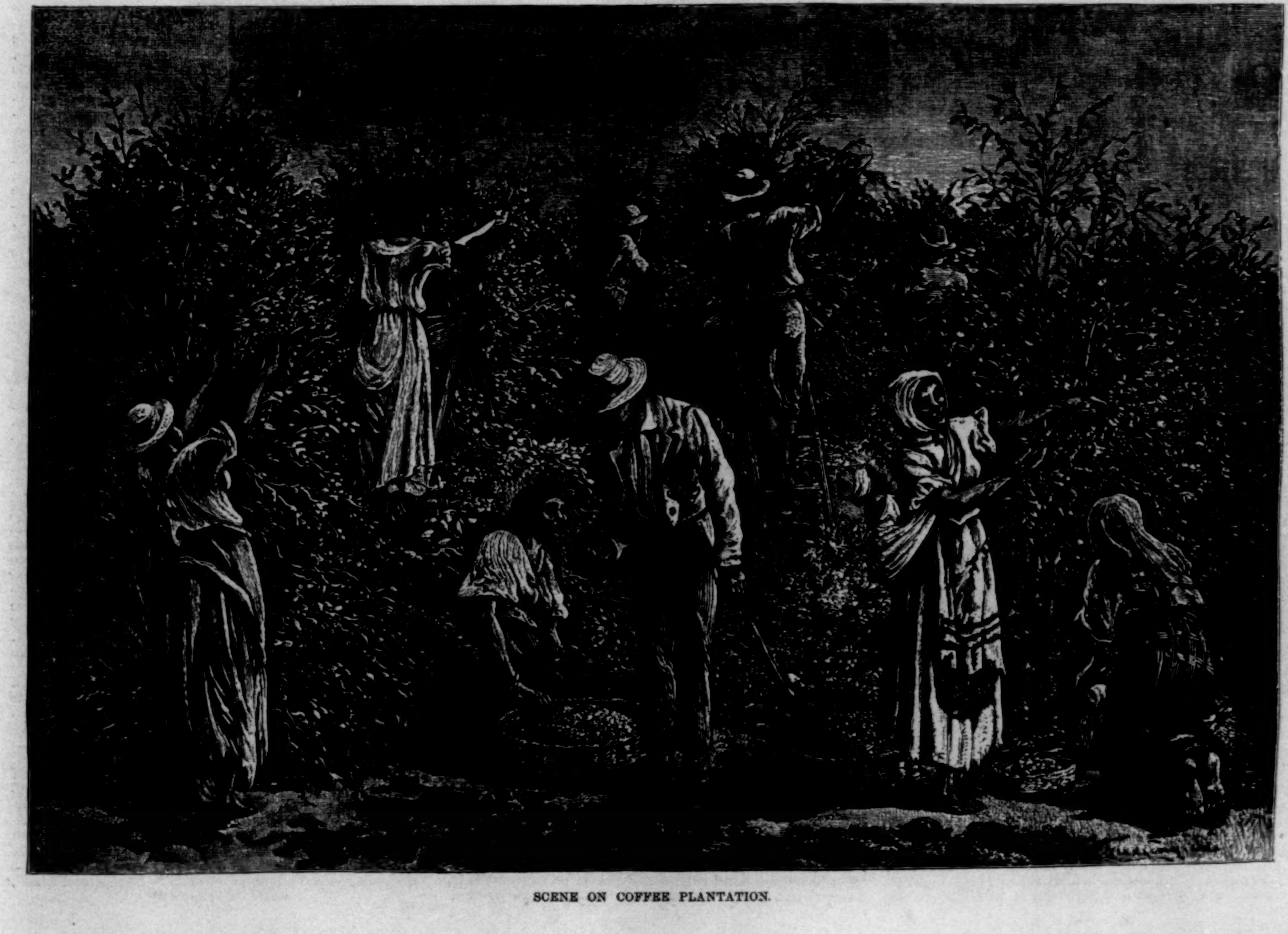
The Spot Quotation Committee causes to be posted daily the differences existing between standards No. 7 (low ordinary) Rio and Santos and the other standards of the Exchange. The Committee on Quotation of Futures reports to the superintendent the tone and price of the contract market. The Floor Committee is also the Committee on Membership, and reports on applications of all persons twenty-one years of age, resident or non-resident, of good commercial character and standing, who desire admission, and who, if elected, pay the initiation fee of $1000, or present a duly assigned certificate of membership, and also pay the annual dues of $60. Redress of grievances is sought, at a cost of six dollars, through the Complaint Committee. Decisions of the Arbitration Committee have the legal force of judicial awards by the Supreme Court. Each member receives a fee of five dollars per session, which fee is commonly paid by the losing party to the dispute. Official notice of insolvency or of death operates immediate closure of all the subject's contracts, and requires prompt liquidation of liabilities. A clearing-house similar to those in Havre and Hamburg is, in the opinion of some members, an establishment much to be desired, but is objected to by some of the most extensive dealers. Commerce is confined to Brazilian coffees, but after June 1, 1891, will extend to the products of all countries except Africa. Then, too, all official documents will be correspondingly modified.

Events in 1880 had much to do with the inception of the Coffee Exchange. The year was one of reaction, loss, and disaster. Heavy holders of East Indian coffee attempted to control the supply of Brazilian, but were unable to hold prices up to their own standard. Immense shrinkage in market values broke up three of the largest coffee houses in the United States, and occasioned losses that in six months aggregated from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000. Among conspicuous sufferers was the extremely able and versatile B. G. Arnold, "Napoleon of the coffee trade," who for more than ten years had "ruled the coffee market of this country as absolutely as any hereditary monarch controls his kingdom," and whose "influence was felt throughout the commercial world." The profits of his firm in one single year had been $1,200,000. But brilliant success concealed the elements of dismal failure. High prices stimulated production, glutted the market, and, despite strenuous resistance, eventuated in financial calamity.

Had the Coffee Exchange been in existence throughout these ten years, it is held by many that the disastrous revulsion of 1880 would not have occurred, because the corporation would have prevented the artificial prosperity that caused it. However that may be, the fifteen persons, including B. G. Arnold—now one of the Board of Managers—more or less prominently identified with the coffee trade and with civic commercial exchanges, who were the original incorporators, believed that the interests of all parties would be served by the organization effected in 1882. Others subsequently entered into their plans, so that the actual membership now embraces 312 persons, of whom from 90 to 120 are in daily attendance. Special attractions draw from 140 to 150 together at one time. The sole business of many is that of brokers. Others, who are merchants, drop in occasionally, and stay long enough to compass the purposes of call. Cablegram communication with Rio de Janeiro *viâ* London is necessarily frequent; used to cost $1 92 per word, but is cheaper now, and assists the sale of the entire Brazilian crop several times over in the course of the year.

Bulletin boards in the Exchange hall and daily printed market reports announce the prices at opening call for future deliveries of coffee, and the prices for rings and margins at 11.30 A.M. and 1.30 P.M.; the sales at opening call, 11 A.M., and between call and close of business. These latter on August 18, 1890, were respectively of 11,500 and 78,750 bags. Boards and sheets also state the day's price of coffee for delivery in each of the eleven months following, and the price at the same time last year, together with advances and retrogressions, the time of issue of transferable notices, the day's deliveries on contracts, and the average prices of future deliveries of the previous business day, the summary of the day's transactions, and the differences between grades of Exchange coffee standards then existing. They further indicate the stocks of coffee at eight principal European ports in each month of two past business years. Similarly, the arrivals and deliveries of coffee at the same ports; arrivals and deliveries of Brazil coffee in the United States; weekly warehouse deliveries in each of three past weeks at New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, and in the corresponding periods of last year; and receipts at Rio and Santos within specific periods. On August 1, 1890, the world's visible supply of coffee in stock and afloat is given at 2,273,800 bags, as against 3,432,952 on August 1, 1889. Consumption of coffee in the United States and Europe for the month of July, 1890, was 674,819 bags, against 749,300 in July, 1889. The total stock of Brazil coffee in the United States was 210,470 bags, while 185,000 were afloat and on the way from different Brazilian ports. At the same date in 1887 the quantity in stock and afloat was 571,900 bags.

Silently the submarine cable ticks off the news that supple fingers chalk and print of steamers leaving Rio and Santos on certain days, and with what cargoes. Thus 141,000 bags were on maritime path on August 18, 1890, against 109,000 on the corresponding day in 1889. Cablegrams to the Exchange from the Associacao Commercial of Rio de Janeiro, under date of August 16th, report Rio purchases for the United States of America during the previous week of 65,000 bags; for Europe and other countries, of 11,000; steamer



SCENE ON COFFEE PLANTATION.